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Jan. 1974/ Ishmael Reed's *The Last Days of Louisiana Red;*
Inside Washington: Al Haig, Carl Albert, Archibald Cox/$1

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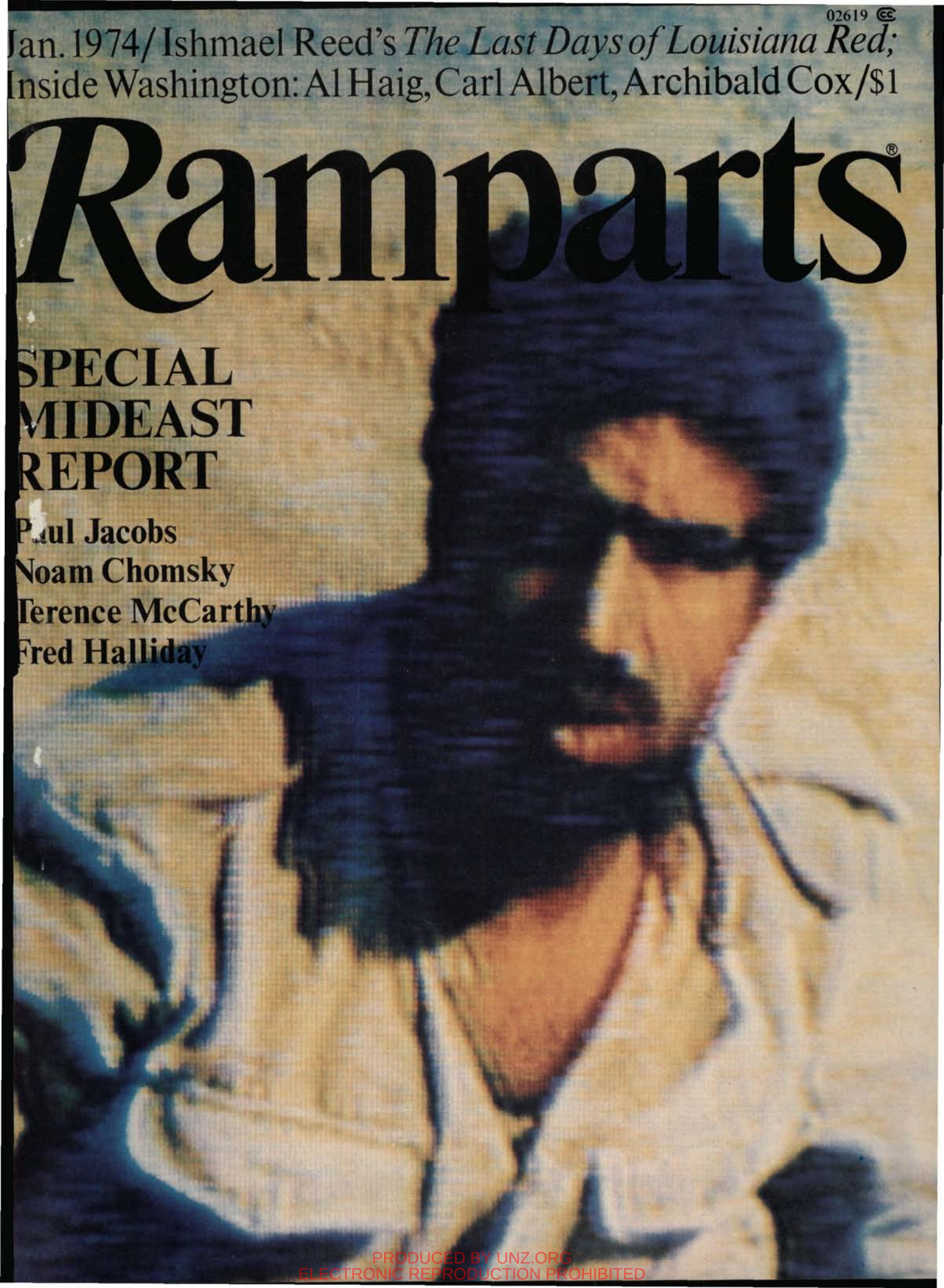
SPECIAL MIDEAST REPORT

Paul Jacobs
Noam Chomsky
Terence McCarthy
Fred Halliday



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An actuary, engaged by the London Sunday Times concluded that on November 22, 1963, the odds against these witnesses being dead by February, 1967, were one hundred thousand trillion to one.

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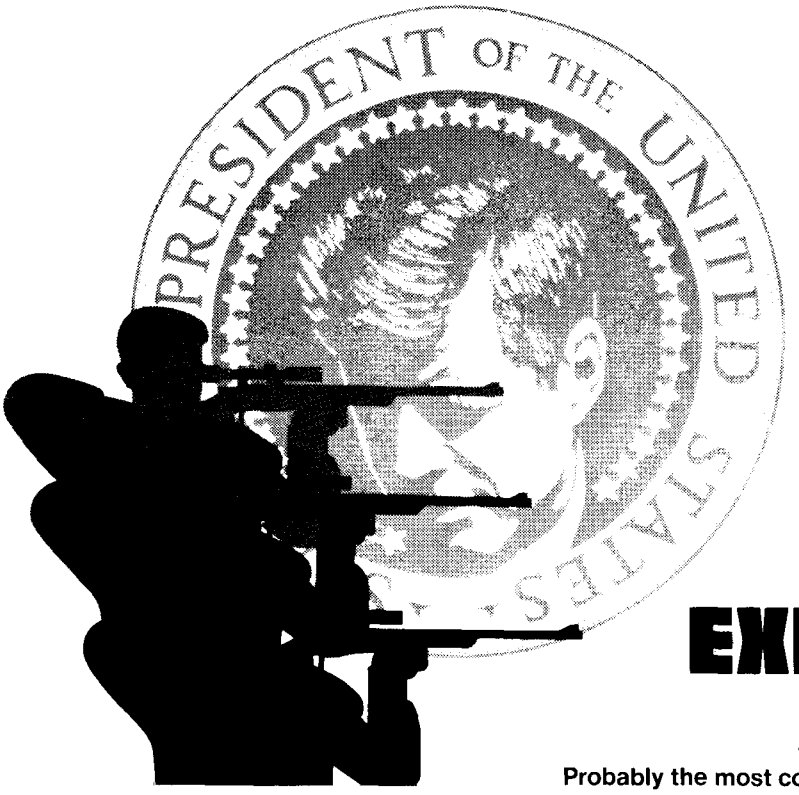

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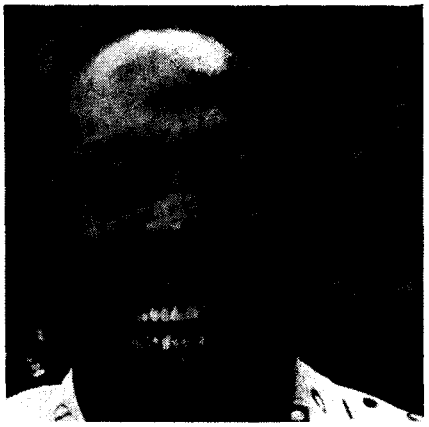

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Cover photograph by Dan Hunter

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Presenting The Invisible University

Once upon a time, we used to try to stuff all of our learning experiences into neat little boxes.

The spatial boxes were classrooms and the time boxes were labeled Grade School, Junior High, High School, and College.

But now we're breaking out of the boxes (perhaps because we felt we were suffocating) and finding new learning adventures all around us, all our lives.

Television documentaries, book clubs, paperbacks, magazines, 16mm films and cinema verité, correspondence courses, talking tape cassettes, museums going show business—all are part of an "invisible university" that permits any interested citizen to share in the joy of discovery with today's scientists and thinkers.

We're finding out that you don't have to have a college degree to be an educated person—and that you don't have to stop educating yourself after you get one.

This may explain the phenomenal growth of the fairly new monthly magazine Psychology Today. In just five years, it has zoomed up out of nowhere to a circulation well over 850,000 monthly copies.

Psychology Today was introduced to bridge the gap between the laboratory and the living room, the professional and the educated layman.

Each month it presents the views and findings of pioneering professional researchers and thinkers, including leaders like Carl Rogers, Bruno Bettelheim, Margaret Mead, Erich Fromm, Harvey Cox, John Lilly, B. F. Skinner, Kenneth Keniston, Herbert Marcuse.

Not jazzed up. Not watered down. Not clouded over with professional jargon. Just straight and clear in a way that both professionals and an interested general audience can enjoy and appreciate. And visually enhanced with colorful prize-winning avant garde graphics that reinforce the tingling feeling of high adventure.

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Here are a few topics under recent discussion in our section of "the invisible university" . . .

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Why do fat people eat even when they're not hungry?

How might psychology have prevented the Vietnam war?

Why do many bright, capable women in business have a will to fail?

Can three people be happily married—to each other?

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Can criminals be rehabilitated through brainwashing? (And *should* they?)

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Letters

[THE ROSENBERG FRAME-UP]

Editors/It was good to see Jonah Raskin's article (*Ramparts*, Nov. '73) about Julius and Ethel Rosenberg's sons and their suit against Louis Nizer for distortions contained in his recent book about the Rosenbergs. *Ramparts* readers may be interested to know of a remarkable and thorough book which makes an effective counterweight to Nizer's sensationalism. It is *Invitation to an Inquest* by Walter and Miriam Schneir. [Also see Walter Schneir's article in *Ramparts*, Aug-Sept 1973.]Now available in paperback, it was originally issued (ironically by Doubleday, Nizer's publisher) in 1965. At that time its allegations about the Justice Department and FBI were shocking and, to many, unacceptable. In the light of recent revelations, however, it is clear that Mr. and Mrs. Schneir, bearers of evil tidings, were in fact courageous prophets.

Frank W. Barham
Durham, N.H.

[THE VIEW FROM VENEZUELA]

Editors/I would like to comment on the "Mystic Politics," an article by Andrew Kopkind in the July issue of *Ramparts*.

In the United States those who are leftists because of their reasoned objections to the society and economy of capitalism are lost among the pot smokers, guitar players and nude bathers in the public fountains. The drift of these "leftists" toward spiritualism or anywhere else their moral flotsam is carrying them is hardly a loss to those who are aware that the struggle remains what it always was, although perhaps it is cruder as the power of technology increases.

The ideal of personal happiness, of a pot of emotional gold at the end of the rainbow, is a very American concept, a prize which doesn't exist. Real joy occurs when people find themselves in reciprocal harmony with those around them. Rites can help to bridge the gaps that open between people and to give them a sense of purpose when they can't find one in their lives. Some of these rites require the participants to submit all personal responsibility to a higher authority, to become babies in a sense, an act in which their feeling of belonging is increased. The leftist answer to this problem is to integrate all the members of society into genuine participation and reduce the barriers between people by eliminating the reasons for them.

This reduction of barriers is exactly what the "system" cannot tolerate. It is better to allow certain members of the society to become marginal in productivity by tolerating drug abuse, religious withdrawal, etc. The government, or rather the power structure, has the resources to be able to neutralize its gullible critics after having sacked the rest of the world.

I would like to ask if the workers who are defending the factories around Santiago, Chile, in Allende's memory are doing so with "Satsang." Ask a Brazilian who has been tortured what he thinks of Maharaj Ji. Take the message of the "Knowledge" of perfect slavery to an Indian working in the mines in Bolivia.

To fight a system which offers so little to its most privileged members and which reduces a large part of the world to its servants is costly. Whether the fight is with arms as in Indochina or as in the guerrilla "experience" in Latin America, or with elections as in Chile, human beings are sacrificed. It is a pity that at the center of the empire, those who should be aware of why the struggle is going on, are allowing themselves to be seduced into a selfish indulgence in their own inner lives.

Karen Cronick de Ludiña
Caracas, Venezuela

[IN-DEPTH BRIEFINGS]

Editors/The article on Chile by Betty and James Petras [*Ramparts*, Nov. 1973]is the first informative comprehensive analysis I have read.

Ramparts often goes off on too esoteric subjects for "my" taste. However, this article on Chile and the analysis of the wheat/food problem some time back make my subscription well worthwhile.

The worst predicament about the present is the need, suddenly, to be informed. I attended a protest rally on instinct–that is not enough: grinding axes is too simplistic.

I subscribe to a dozen progressive ("liberal" is as dirty a word as "communist" or "pink" used to be) periodicals that failed to provide me with what I needed. I hope *Ramparts* will continue to offer instant, in-depth briefings for us.

Nancy Ong
Oakland, Calif.

["LIBERAL TRASH"]

Editors/I took exception with an article in the November issue of your magazine. I find it at least contradictory to follow an article on the death of Salvador Allende with such liberal trash as "Womens Self-Help Movement." If women in this country knew more about care and maintenance of firearms than of their cervixes, possibly this country would not be headed down the same road Chile has gone.

John Sinowski
North Babylon, N.Y.

[QUEBEC NATIONALISM]

Editors/I haven't been reading *Ramparts* long enough to know whether the FLQ assassinations of Pierre Laporte and Robert Crosse (or their possible frame-ups by the Canadian federal government as sacrificial goats) received coverage in your magazine. However, *Ramparts* has blithely ignored white radical movements outside of the U.S. with the exception of a skimpy article in

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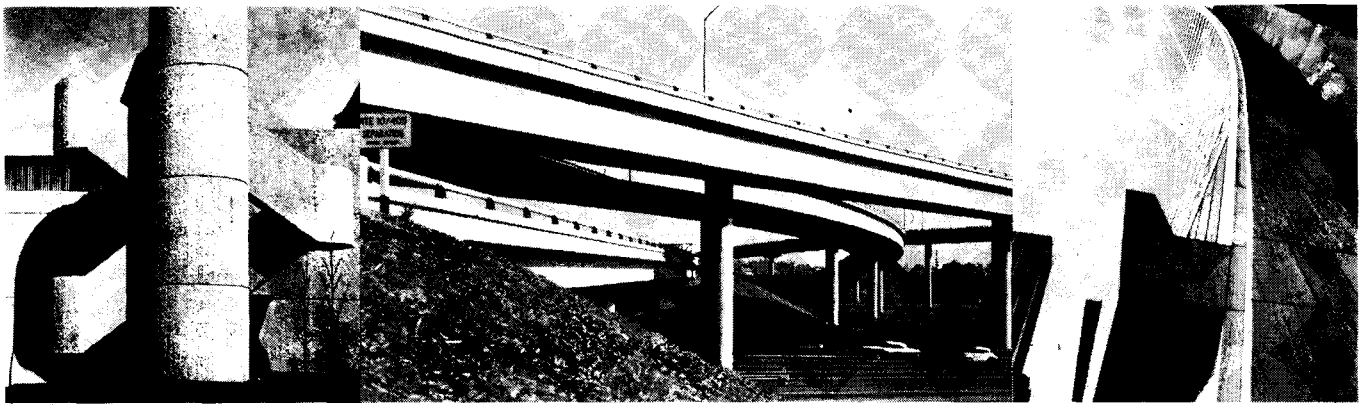

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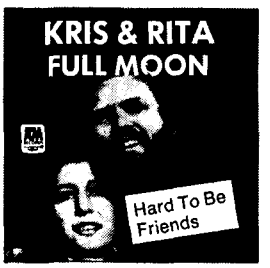

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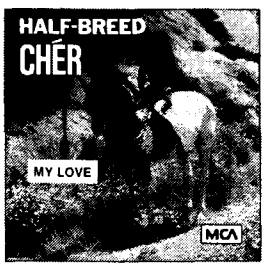

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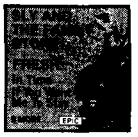

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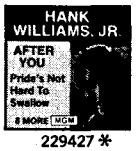

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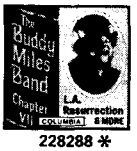

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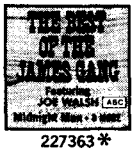

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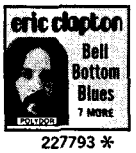

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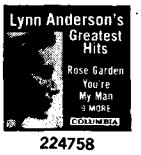

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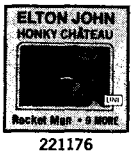

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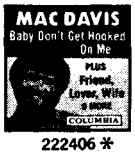

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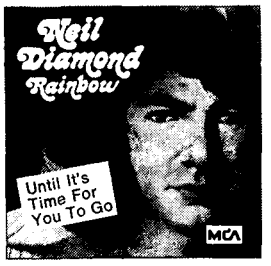

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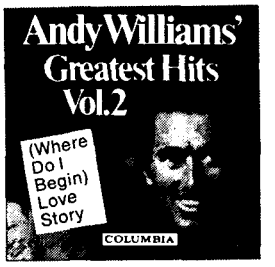

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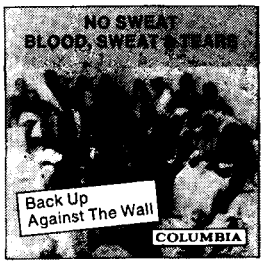

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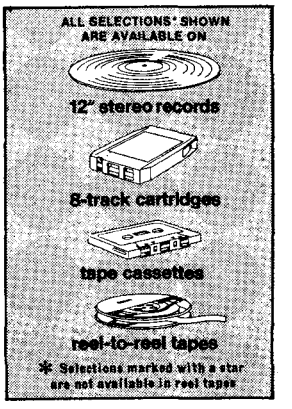
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* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

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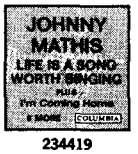

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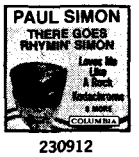

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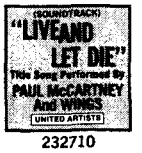

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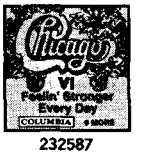

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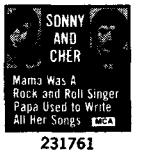

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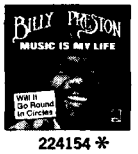

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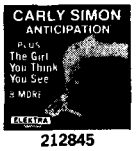

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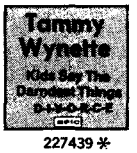

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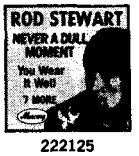

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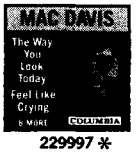

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Yes, it's true!—if you join right now, you may have any 13 of these records or tapes for only $1.97! Just mail the handy application, together with your check or money order for $1.97 as payment (be sure to indicate whether you want cartridges, cassettes, reel tapes or records). In exchange...

You agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years—you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment...the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes, $6.98; reel tapes, $7.98; records, $4.98 or $5.98...plus a processing and postage charge. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest ...plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about six times a year we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will be enclosed with each magazine.

...**if you do not want any selection offered** mail the response card by the date specified

...**if you want only the Selection of the Month** for your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically

...**if you want any of the other selections offered** just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days in which to decide, you may return the regular selection at our expense and you will receive full credit for it.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Act now!

Columbia House
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Mail application with your check or money order

COLUMBIA RECORD & TAPE CLUB
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA 47808

I am enclosing check or money order for $1.97 as payment for the 13 selections listed below. Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years — and may cancel membership any time after doing so. **I am interested in the following type of recorded entertainment:**

Be sure to check one box only

- ☐ **8-Track Cartridges** (AG-W) 65K
- ☐ **Tape Cassettes** (AH-X)
- ☐ **Reel-to-Reel Tapes** (AJ-Y)
- ☐ **12" Stereo Records** (AK-Z)

Write in numbers of 13 selections

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):
(But I am always free to choose from any category)
☐ **Easy Listening 2** ☐ **Teen Hits 7** ☐ **Classical 1** ☐ **Country 5**

☐ **Mr.**
☐ **Mrs.**
☐ **Miss**.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State.....**Zip Code**.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) ☐ **YES**.....☐ **NO**

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

CANADIANS: *mail application to U.S.A. address.* **Your membership will be serviced from Canada. Enrollment plan may differ. Prices slightly higher.**

P20/S74

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THE NEW YORK TIMES:
"'Abortion: A Woman's Guide,' is a straightforward, simple and sensitive handbook."

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THE MYTH AND THE MADNESS

by Patrick J. McGarvey

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PENGUIN BOOKS INC

this October issue dealing with the negative effect IRA violence is having on grammar school artists in that country. It is doubtful you would have presented the Mau Mau uprising from the same vernacular, as it wouldn't have conformed to the journalistic standards you uphold when writing of Third World revolutions and revolutionaries.

Oliver Haeffely
Montreal, Quebec

[A DIRTY LITTLE BOOK]

Editors/Kudos to David Horowitz for his article answering Robert James Maddox' dirty little book, *The New Left and the Origins of the Cold War. [Ramparts,* August 1973] Having wasted a day and a half this summer reading the book, I can only wonder if Horowitz' reply is strong enough! The personal and political viciousness of Maddox' effort should have stopped it in the galleys, but stronger forces than good judgment obviously prevailed; and it is here that the crunch comes. Maddox alone, and even his book for that matter, mean little by themselves. But his backers and sponsors, powerful men of the liberal intellectual establishment, the Kennans and Schlesingers and Rostows, are the key to this whole sordid affair. For without their help and encouragement, Maddox' efforts would have gotten him nowhere and Princeton University Press would have saved itself great embarassment.

Robert Knowles
Cortland, N.Y.

["JANIS, CAN YOU HEAR ME?"]

Editors/ . . . and ain't this the major head-fuck of the decade. Andrew Kopkind on Myra Friedman and Peggy Caserta doing their thing on Janis Joplin. [*Ramparts,* Nov. 1973] Janis would puke.

Without going to the trouble of pointing out those sentences which are totally incomprehensible, Kopkind further proves the complete vacuity of the male intellect. Friedman and Caserta rape the corpse they no doubt helped into the grave and Kopkind comes down the *Ramparts* to explain to us in some neo-freudian amerikan left analysis. Thank you. Thank you.

I'll puke for Janis cause you all don't know what Kosmic Blues are about or why she sang them. My credentials? I was one of the '60s babies who sang along with Janis while reading May Day-Hard Times. Kopkind wasn't into the woman then but now he's into books about her, and sooo sympathetic. Janis, it was all your fault honey. You crumbled under the strain of public adoration against inner inadequacy!

I cry for you Janis because if you hadn't lived and died as you did nobody would be making money writing these dumb-ass pieces. EXPLOITATION, folks. That's the English translation of kosmic blues. Anybody non-white, non-male, non-college educated knows about them. Psychological rape. Death is easier than grappling with the sub-conscious awareness of it. The pain of the conflict of two separate realities is too much to endure. She knew it was happening; she felt it even if she couldn't describe it verbally. So she sung it out.

Fucked up, fucked over and ripped off. Easy labels but they have definition on a "real" (that is, political) level. Janis, can you hear me? The dynamics of psychic rape, something done to, and by, every woman hooked into the male power-success-status-gratification system (that covers just about everybody beginning with mother) stretches the imagination of god herself. The worst exploiters calling themselves left, liberal and sisters.

I'll sing for you Janis. We got them exploitation, manipulation, discrimination blues. It can't all be laid out in this letter but I'm sure as hell going to tell it to the world. You may be nothing more than "metaphor" to readers but you are very real to me.

Rae Mathews
New Orleans, Louisiana

[WHO NEEDS SATIRE]

Editors/On page 62 of your October 1973 issue, there is a paragraph reading, "There is, for example, the as yet untold story of the 'Cuban connection'—the Miami netherworld of Cuban exiles which coughed up the Bay of Pigs invasion, the Watergate buggers, and an apparently endless supply of agents provocateurs. *And the truth about Dallas has once again become enticing* as it appears that *one of the roads emanating from Watergate could conceivably lead to the vicinity of the grassy knoll."* (My italics)

After reading the article on the Secret Army Organization and your two pieces on the CIA, I had to tear up all plans for a satire on Watergate; no matter how grandiose my scenario, reality seems to be a step ahead.

Kenneth C. Spell
Vicksburg, Miss.

[TOO MUCH SEX]

Editors/I was inquisitive regarding the plethora of criticism found in letters to the Editor and in conversations with respected friends concerning your publication. Now I know.

It is my understanding that your magazine is one of the last and best spokesmen for the "Movement." It is germane that you not only define this word but delimit your reporting accordingly. Your recent proclivity toward insipid sexual matters could be pernicious in relation to subscription.

Another literary fiasco like ". . . Is Happiness Knowing Your Own Cervix," (November 1973), or "The Third Sex," (December 1973), and you can add another to your list of antagonists. An atavist, like myself, besides believing in God and the husband as head of the household, also clings to the platitude that homosexual relations are perverted and immoral.

David Mellinger
San Diego, Calif.

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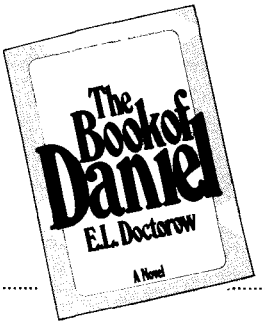
"Christmas Season's here by Golly, disapproval would be folly . . ."

WHILE WE JOIN WITH the scorners of commercialism - disguised - as - ritual, never let it be said that we confuse principle with business. Lots of you are giving gifts these days, some with motives pure, others through clenched teeth, and we are here to service your needs—and our own. Three reasons suggest themselves for giving Ramparts' gift subscriptions to your friends and relations: first, we need the money; second, the book and the magazine we are about to deliver unto you are good goods; and third, the price, if not "right," is at least reasonable, given your other choices. What else can you buy for $7, a bottle of liquor? Another record album?

THE BARGAIN LOOKS like this: your seven dollars for a year's worth of Ramparts (regular price $12) *plus* a copy of *The Book of Daniel* by E. L. Doctorow (Random House, $6.95). Add it all up and you'll find that for $7 you net an $18.95 value, something around 60% discount. And note this: if you prefer, we will send the gift subscription to one lucky friend/relative, and the book to another. Your $7 thus takes care of *two* on your shopping list. Since we have on hand a roomful of books and an infinite stream of future Ramparts, you may give as many gifts as your checkbook and your generosity will permit. Toward that end, we have provided three coupons for your use. Fill them out and tuck them into the envelope provided in this magazine that you are now reading, along with your check for some high multiple of $7, and we will send your lucky recipients hand-addressed gift announcements right away.

WE ALSO INVITE YOU to renew your own subscription with this offer, or to take out a new subscription for yourself, if you are now a newsstand reader.



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Vietnam: Cease-Fire That Never Was

Wide World

February 1973—Cease-fire violations continue in the Mekong Delta.

Special Advisor Le Duc Tho of North Vietnam has rejected the Nobel Peace Prize he was to have shared with Henry Kissinger, stating that "peace has not yet really been established in South Vietnam" because "the Saigon administration, aided and encouraged by the United States, continues its acts of war." His statement should not be dismissed as mere propaganda, as the U.S. government might like to do, but should be measured closely against what has happened since the Paris Agreements.

All reports from Vietnam indicate that the war is indeed raging on. For example, the French newspaper *Le Monde* reported on August 30, 1973 that the Saigon high command admitted some 41,000 of its troops had been killed, 44,000 had been wounded and 4,000 were missing since the signing of the agreements. Saigon has never been known for inflating its own casualty statistics. Another indication of the high level of fighting is the huge amount of artillery shells and bombs expended by the Thieu regime. The June 11, 1973 report of the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on U.S. Security Agreements and Commitments Abroad quoted the Defense Attache Office as saying that in the post-ceasefire period Saigon's "firings of 105 mm. howitzers were continuing [in the northern provinces alone] at a rate which exceeded 31,000 rounds, the average daily production of this ammunition in the United States." According to U.S. military sources, during the first six months after the signing of the Paris agreements the U.S. provided the Saigon air force alone with 142,000 bombs, rockets and flares and 13.8 million rounds of small-arms ammunition under the one-to-one replacement program (*New York Times,* October 3, 1973).

There are many reasons for Thieu's aggressive military action. One is the need for rice from the countryside. After the PRG spring offensive of last year, rice deliveries from the Mekong Delta to Saigon dwindled. According to the April-June 1973 USAID "Vietnam Economic Data" bulletin, rice deliveries to Saigon during the first six months of last year averaged around 65,000 metric tons a month. During the second half of the year, however, rice deliveries from the Delta were only 23,000 metric tons a month. Thieu attributed this to the PRG control over the countryside, and hence the control over the flow of rice into the Saigon-controlled cities. Since Thieu has to feed an army and bureaucracy of over two and a half million persons he responded with a military push into the rice-growing areas. This is why Thieu's forces have suffered especially high casualties in the Mekong Delta, the rice basket of South Vietnam. The September 8, 1973 *New York Times* reported:

Ngo Vinh Long is Director of the Vietnam Research Center in Cambridge and author of Before the Revolution: The Vietnamese Peasant Under the French *(MIT Press).*

by Ngo Vinh Long

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the shooting has continued unabated, Vietnamese officers say, with an average of 100 South Vietnamese soldiers killed or wounded every day this year in the delta alone. That is a rate equal to the number of casualties during the big Communist offensive last year, and higher than in many previous periods during the . . . war.

But with Thieu's offensive in the countryside, the average deliveries of rice to Saigon during the first five months of this year averaged only 40,000 metric tons a month. This is barely enough to feed Saigon alone. Meanwhile, rice imports from the U.S. under the Food For Peace Program have fallen from 59,000 metric tons in January to only 7,000 tons in May. (In contrast, the U.S. is selling two million metric tons of rice to the Philippines this year.) Nevertheless the Thieu regime has been *exporting* rice because of the need for foreign exchange. The exact amount of rice sold to Cambodia is not known since there are many covert ways of selling it across the border. But the amount of rice that the Saigon regime planned to export is given by Thieu's Department of Agriculture as 93,295 metric tons (*Dai Dan Toc,* September 1973).

[THE RICE WAR]

Faced with the problem of not getting enough rice to feed the Saigon population, let alone to export, Thieu personally ordered a "rice war with the Communists." To carry out this "rice war" his district and province chiefs are to force the peasants to sell rice to the government. Each district and village has a quota of rice it must sell to the government at a fixed price. But, as documented in some detail by two Saigon daily newspapers, while the fixed official price for each *gia* (40 liters) of paddy rice is from 1,300 to 1,400 piasters, Saigon officials have been forcing the peasants to sell paddy rice to them at only 800 to 900 piasters a *gia* (*Dien Tin* and *Dai Dan Toc,* September 25, 1973). And while this was going on, according to a pro-Thieu Saigon daily, the PRG was paying the peasants two to three times Saigon's official price for their rice, then reselling it for much less than Saigon's official price to people who needed it. In many cases, after paying for the rice, the PRG has asked peasants to keep it for them until needed (*Song Than,* September 9, 1973).

As a result of this PRG policy, even Saigon officials have been selling the PRG rice they collected from the peasants. For example, a bulletin issued by a group of Saigon senators and deputies (*Ban Tin,* No. 10, October 15, 1973) reports that General Hoang Duc Ninh, President Thieu's cousin and brother of Thieu's most trusted advisor on national and international affairs, had made 80 million piasters by selling rice to the PRG over the Vietnam-Cambodian border. *Song Than,* in the issue quoted above, stated that in Quang Ngai province many officials are participating in the sale of government rice to the PRG. The *New York Times* reported on September 18, 1973 that the province chief of Long Khanh, northeast of Saigon, is under investigation on charges of stealing rice and transporting it in army trucks for sale to the PRG.

Presumably in an attempt to rectify the situation, Thieu personally declared on September 14 that the purpose of the "rice war with the Communists" now should be to block rice from going to them (*Dien Tin,* September 15, 1973). How does Thieu propose to do this when his own officials are selling rice to the PRG? According to two Saigon daily newspapers, the Thieu regime has forbidden the rural population to store more than 3 *gia* of paddy rice, or the equivalent of about 40 liters of milled rice, at any time. The excess rice must be sold to the government. No milling of paddy rice is allowed without the written permission of the local authorities, which usually takes from three to four days (*Dien Tin* and *Dai Dan Toc,* September 25, 1973). No more than three *gia* of paddy rice can be transported from one place to another at any time without written permission of the district or village chiefs. Rice transported without such permission will automatically be considered to be "supplying the Communists" and will be confiscated.

It is clear that this policy is not directed against official corruption but against the general population in the countryside—considered sympathetic to the PRG by the Thieu regime. According to the October 9, 1973 issue of *Dien Tin,* General Nguyen Van Nghi, commander of the IV Corps area, ordered that every household in the provinces under his control must hang a sign on the front door stating the exact amount of rice left in the house. The peasants must also list the amount of rice gathered in the last harvest. Any discrepancy will meet with severe penalties. According to the October 11, 1973 issue of the same paper, every household in the IV Corps area is allowed to keep only 30 liters of rice in the house at any time. All excess rice has to be taken to predetermined government rice stations, to be deposited or sold to the government. Any person who is caught with any amount of rice above the quantity permitted is automatically considered a "supply cadre for the Communists." Col. Nguyen Dang Phuong, province chief of Chau Doc, has marked off a large area in his province as a PRG "controlled area." And, as quoted in the same issue of the newspaper, the province chief has said, "For each liter of rice sold to the controlled area a person will be shot to death." He said further he would "use every cruel measure" against persons who secretly buy rice for their own profit.

A pro-Saigon daily newspaper, *But Thep,* reported on September 10, 1973, that the 16 province chiefs in the Delta have met with some success in collecting rice from the peasants by using the armed forces. Deputy Kieu Mong Thu reported in the October 1, 1973 issue of *Dai Dan Toc* that in most areas in the countryside, the police, village chiefs, hamlet chiefs and district chiefs have been going to the peasant's homes to take all their rice away. The peasants are given nothing but receipts for the rice taken—redeemable some time in the future. In the same report Mrs. Thu also stated that when people bring rice to the milling stations for husking, even with permission of the authorities, they are not allowed to bring the milled rice home. All they get are receipts stating that the rice has been sold to the government. This, according to Mrs. Thu, has produced adverse effects all over the countryside. The rural population does not have enough rice for consumption, for feeding their pigs, chickens, and ducks, or for planting the next crop.

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Magnum

Drying rice in PRG territory

[A NATION OF REFUGEES]

Another reason for Thieu's attack on the countryside is to make it difficult for the refugees to go back home. Thanks to the American "forced urbanization" program, the majority of South Vietnam's population has been moved into the so-called "refugee camps" and the shacks in and around the cities. According to PRG Minister Nguyen Van Hieu, speaking at the September 20, 1973 La Celle-Saint-Cloud meeting, 900,000 more refugees had been generated by Thieu since June of this year. This figure seems accurate, since official AID statistics revealed that 213,400 refugees were created during the period from January 28 to February 16, 1973 alone. By maintaining these people in refugee camps and urban shantytowns, the Thieu regime hopes that it can force them to deliver votes in an election. This is why Thieu's delegates at the La Celle-Saint-Cloud Conference have consistently refused to discuss implementation of the Paris Agreements unless the PRG first agrees unconditionally to an election.

For the time being, at least, the Thieu regime is confident of its control over the urban population. The rural council elections in May 1973 were a trial run for the regime's management of elections. As pointed out in a Saigon newspaper, to be "elected" to a Village Council seat a "candidate" had to pay from 300,000 to 500,000 piasters to Thieu's district chiefs. This is a huge sum of money, but successful candidates can always make much more money in a relatively short time by using the power of their offices to extort money from the population (*Dien Tin,* October 4, 1973). Thieu's control over the electoral machinery was confirmed by the Senate election of August 26, 1973, when the entire Thieu slate was "elected" by 92.2 percent of the votes. These elections certainly mean very little to the Vietnamese people themselves.

While the refugees remain in camps and urban areas, Saigon officials have undertaken an enthusiastic campaign of land usurpation. These officials not only take land owned by the detained refugees; they also feel free to seize land currently occupied and cultivated by the peasant owners—even when the peasants can produce legal Saigon documents to prove their ownership. There is nothing the peasants can do. If any of them want the land back for cultivation, they have to pay from 600,000 to several million piasters per hectare. All the crops and timber on the peasants' land are razed by bulldozers, to be replaced by banana and other fruit trees. The timber and fruits are prized as export commodities to Japan.

The combined effect of keeping the refugees in the camps and cities and of usurping their lands has been a sharp decrease in rice productivity. This, combined with the seizure of rice by Saigon officials, has brought real hunger to rural areas. Saigon papers frequently plead with the Thieu regime to allow the refugees to return home to cultivate their land, pointing out that in many refugee camps there is outright starvation, and that the regime has not aided the people there in any way (*Dai Dan Toc,* September 21, 1973; *Cong Luan,* September 9, 1973; and *Dai Dan Toc,* September 10, 1973).

Another reason for Thieu's military push into the countryside is to press-gang young men into the army and to pick up anyone suspected of being a potential political threat to the regime. Thieu needs men for his army both because of the high desertion rate of about 30 percent a month and because, as he declared on September 14, the ARVN has to be maintained "to beat the Communists" (*Le Monde,* September 16-17, 1973). The combined campaign of arrest and impressment has been so severe in many rural areas that, according to the September 10, 1973 issue of *Dai Dan Toc,* only old people and children are left to tend the fields—further adding to the food shortage.

Arrests of "suspects" from the countryside have gone hand in hand with increased round-ups of Thieu's potential "Third Force" opponents in the cities. The Paris Agreements recognized the Third Force as a political force equal to the Thieu regime and the PRG, to be instrumental in forming the Council of National Reconciliation and National Concord. But Thieu has declared that all Third Force groups are "traitorous forces" with their "strings pulled by the Communists" (*Dien Tin,* October 3, 1973). And Deputy Nguyen Ba Can, chairman of the Saigon Lower House and one of Thieu's most effective supporters, echoed Thieu's sentiment on the existence of the Third Force very well when he stated recently that "there is no such thing as national reconciliation and national concord" with other political forces (*Dien Tin,* October 3, 1973).

[THE PUPPET PULLS HIS STRINGS]

The most important reason for Thieu's aggressive military posture is the need for continued U.S. military and economic aid. By continually exhibiting an aggressive attitude the Thieu regime hopes to hoodwink the American public into thinking that not only have its own forces shaped up but that they can indeed defeat the PRG. Thieu thinks that the American people will not let all their investment in money and blood go down the drain if they think that he has a chance to stand on his own. Thieu knows that, because of the nature of the American press and the need by the Nixon Administration to cover up the real situation in Vietnam, the American people are not in a position to realize that Thieu is only weakening himself in expending so much ammunition, in getting so many of his troops killed, and in antagonizing an increasing number of the Vietnamese people. As a Saigon newspaper recently stated, "The more critical the

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situation the Saigon regime creates for itself, the more reason there is for the Nixon Administration to continue military aid" (*Dien Tin,* October 3, 1973).

Thieu is a puppet who pulls on his strings, and to a certain extent he has been successful. Maj. Gen. Peter G. Olenchuk, director of material acquisition, testified on May 8, 1973 before the Senate Committee on Armed Services that:

> *The shortages that we see now are in part caused by an aberration during the fiscal year 1973 in which we furnished significant amounts of equipment to the Vietnamese for Vietnamization. . . . we short changed ourselves within our overall inventories. We short changed also the Reserve units in terms of prime assets. We also, in certain instances, diverted equipment that would have gone to Europe.*

America's "Pentagon East" in Saigon is still maintained in fact if not in name, in blatant disregard of the Paris Agreements. Though the agreement calls for "total withdrawal from South Vietnam of troops . . . of the United States," Pentagon plans call for almost 12,000 army and air force personnel in South Vietnam during the current fiscal year (plus several thousand "civilian" advisors under Department of Defense contract). Again, though the agreement allows only for replacement of arms "which have been destroyed, damaged, worn out or used up after the cease-fire, on the basis of piece for piece, of the same characteristics and properites. . . ," the Pentagon announced plans to replace Saigon's F-5A fighters with more advanced F-5e's, which, as one Defense Department official explained, "are not to replace attrition per se, or losses, they are to modernize the Vietnamese Air Force." Of course, the Saigon Air Force requires training in the use of these new fighters, and to this end, the Pentagon hinted that South Vietnamese pilots are being trained at Williams Air Force Base in Arizona as well as in Vietnam, despite the clear prohibition of military advisors in Article 6 of the Paris Accord.

Thieu is out to wreck the Paris Peace Agreements. Prime Minister Tran Thien Khiem announced in Saigon on September 11 that "the Paris Agreements are even worse than marriage certificates" (*Dien Tin,* September 13, 1973). So far the PRG has been bending backward in many ways in the hope that the Thieu regime would eventually carry out the provisions of the Paris Agreements, however grudgingly. But it is difficult to see how the present military situation will not blossom into a full-scale war. Perhaps William Sullivan, Kissinger's top aide to the Paris negotiations, noted the serious developments toward this tragic outcome when he said recently that an outbreak of armed conflict in Indochina "by miscalculation of Hanoi" is still possible (*Boston Globe,* September 25, 1973). The White House also announced on October 5, 1973 that it had changed its plan for withdrawing U.S. troops from overseas "because of the North Vietnamese build-up." These, of course, are but attempts by the Nixon Administration to cover up the reality in South Vietnam and also to prepare public opinion for possible U.S. intervention on Thieu's behalf should the full-scale outbreak of war referred to by Sullivan become a reality. It is these kinds of statements that encourage Thieu to go on the warpath. And who knows whether Dr. Kissinger might not receive a war prize from the people of the whole world very soon? The American people, of course, will have to pay for it. ■

Refugees in Da Nang.

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Alexander Haig:

Nixon's New Go-fer

by Tom Oliphant

Anybody who knows me knows what a militarist I am," said retired Army General Alexander Haig, Jr. to the White House Press Corps late on the afternoon of October 23. He had just concluded a long news conference with part-time White House lawyer Charles Alan Wright, after President Nixon had at the last minute decided to yield his cherished, but subpoenaed, tapes and documents to John Sirica at the U.S. Court House.

Earlier in the same meeting, the 49-year-old self-confessed militarist was also asked: "General Haig, did you order the F.B.I. to take over the offices [of the deposed special prosecutor Archibald Cox] on Saturday night, and if so, why?"

"The why was that we had reports here that members of Professor Cox's staff were leaving rapidly with huge boxes of documents under their arms, and I felt that the responsible thing to do was to insure that the evidentiary material held in Professor Cox's quarters be retained in its complete and thorough form for subsequent, continued investigation."

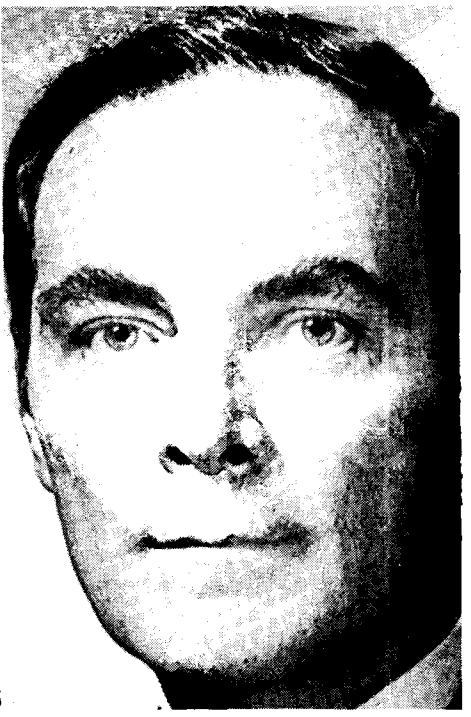
From items such as these, one of the greatest mistaken impressions of all times has been formed of this personable robot who has since early May been occupying the office suite from which a far more genuinely frightening fellow, H.R. Haldeman, ran the White House staff for four years and four months. As if there weren't enough grounds for real concern in the country, there is now speculative talk of what's called a "military coup" through which Nixon will retain control of the government, with Haig as his tactician and commander of all domestic supression forces. Early in November, Boston's ordinarily helpful *Real Paper* summed it all up ominously: "If indeed a military coup happens in this country, as some have speculated, many think that Haig, as a former member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, will be the key figure through which Nixon retains control of the military."

But Haig was never on the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In fact, the most he ever commanded was a brigade of the First Infantry Division in South Vietnam, and he didn't hold down that job for very long. Indeed, he's never held down *any* job for very long. Haig isn't quite as mobile as the other late blueblood, Elliot L. Richardson, but in military careerist terms, he's led much the same kind of existence—ever mobile, ever upward, with his mobility creating the false impression of achievements, dubious or otherwise.

Among those in Washington who hate Haig's guts, as well as know something about him, two stories—both apocryphal, but also much too intriguing to ignore—are frequently told. They concern his service during the Korean War, which like his other tours, was very short, and confined, according to the White House, to the early months of the fighting. His job at the time was as aide-de-camp to the commander of the Tenth Army Corps, which was preparing to move ashore at Inchon. Among the principal concerns of his boss, as final preparations for the attack were made, was a fear that his bedroll would get soaked between the boats and the beach. Enter young Haig, striding toward the shore during the landing, his commander's bedroll atop his head, safe and dry.

The second story is more preposterous and less credible, but is reproduced here as an example of the kind of things people who dislike Haig will say about him. Post-Inchon, during a retreat from some position the Corps had held, it seems Haig's commander remembered he had left his bathtub behind, causing him to mutter, "no god-damn Chink is taking a bath in my tub." At that young Haig is supposed to have slunk off, dangerously close to enemy lines, and demolished the about-to-be-despoiled bathtub with a hand grenade.

And now he's supposed to be in a position to pull off a coup, or at least to lead the charge to capture the Watergate special prosecution force's incriminating files. Don't count on it.



UPI

[EVER LOYAL]

Haig, as revealed both by his past and his performance now at the White House, is what they call a "go-fer". You know, go fer coffee, go fer sandwiches, go fer Cox. He does what he's told. He works for Nixon, as do Ron Ziegler and Rose Mary Woods, his other most frequent visitors these days, and who's afraid of them?

Lately, and hardly surprisingly, Haig has become what is called controversial in Washington. The *New York Times* and other official organs were shocked when it leaked out that in trying to get William Ruckelshaus to fire Cox, he had sinisterly said, "Your commander-in-chief has given you an order." Actually, Haig claims he said to Ruckelshaus before he quit, was fired, or whatever, "Well, you know what it means when an order comes down from the commander-in-chief and a member of his team cannot execute it."

It's a phony concern, not much unlike that which cropped up in the aftermath of the unraveling of the first Watergate cover-up, when learned cries went up for the scalp of poor Press Secretary Ziegler, on the grounds that his credibility was gone as the President's mouthpiece. "Nonsense!" was the response of the more worldly-wise newspaper people, to the endless sur-

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Wide World

veys taken at the time of the Washington Press Corps. As Jack W. Germond of the Gannet papers put it, when asked if Ziegler should go back in May: "It wouldn't make one bit of difference. The talk about Ziegler's credibility or lack of credibility is nonsense. Any replacement would be reflecting what he's told to do."

And so it is with Haig. He matters only because of the extent to which his own nature and behavior tell us something about the only White House official who really matters—Nixon.

Haig is and always has been a staff man, not a commander. From West Point he went to the top, always as somebody else's man. After Korea, with plenty of time off for education, including a Master's degree in international relations from Georgetown University, his posts at the Pentagon have included such non-leadership jobs as plans officer in the office of the deputy army chief of staff for military operations; military assistant to the secretary of the army; and deputy special assistant to the secretary, as well as to the deputy secretary, of defense between 1963 and 1965.

The Democrats then in charge liked him as they liked few reformed Pentagoners during those years of guerrilla warfare against McNamara's pushy civilians. They liked him simply because he was more than willing to be amenable to "political control." One of the Democrats who liked him best at the Pentagon was a lawyer named Joseph Califano, who later served as Lyndon Johnson's John Ehrlichman until LBJ left office. Califano was among the key Johnsonians who dropped Haig's name to Nixon recruiters during the transition period after the 1968 election. At that time, Haig was cooling his heels, doing the obligatory stint at West Point as deputy commandant after an equally obligatory, and completely undistinguished, stint in South Vietnam. When Nixon took office Haig became Henry Kissinger's military aide.

The standard White House story is that Haig caught Nixon's eye right away, but precisely with what has never been made very clear. One descriptive quote from the time, however, by one of those "White House sources," paints the colonel in a way that suggests at least a general answer: "He's like an eagle scout with brass knuckles."

It is true that the big issue in the White House in 1969 was loyalty, a quality Haig showed right from the start in two key areas. The first was on the National Security Council staff, where Kissinger had alarmed Haldeman and Ehrlichman by placing several young people who labored for a year or so under the impression that they were helping get the U.S. out of the war quickly—fellows like Anthony Lake, Morton Halperin and Dan Davidson. Haig, who never had such a false impression, was not above reporting to the appropriate senior White House people, Kissinger included, the names of those who did. And it may eventually be revealed that Haig had more than a hand in placing all those White House wire taps that went on aide's and newsmen's home phones beginning in the Fall of that first year.

Meanwhile, Haig quickly became of considerable use also as a dispatcher of Presidential messages and orders to the Pentagon. Eventually, just as Kissinger ran foreign policy, he and the President, through Haig, ran the Defense Department. This infuriated the nominal boss there, Congress-bred-and-oriented Melvin Laird, who hates Haig's guts even more today as the man who, with Ziegler's help, threw him out of his own post-Watergate job.

Though ever loyal in a crunch, Laird was forever incurring Nixon's wrath by advocating a few meaningless compromises with his old Congressional buddies every so often, and, the ultimate sin, by talking candidly with reporters. Accordingly, on no less than nine occasions, when it was time for an after-the-fact, fact-finding junket to South Vietnam to remind General Thieu of the realities of U.S. electoral politics, it was Haig who went, while Laird stayed home and stewed.

[HIS JUST REWARD]

Haig's reward for all this faithful service, as the second Nixon Administration began, was to have been a military sinecure, promotion to major general and temporary berth as Army vice chief of staff—on the way, no doubt, to become chief and then chairman of the Joint Chiefs. He seemed, as 1973 began, to be getting his due just like the other military lifers who have served Nixon blindly over the years—like ex-Spanish interpreter Vernon Walters (who made deputy director of the CIA) and Robert Cushman (in charge of the Marine Corps after first keeping Walter's seat warm), both of whom have also had their brushes with Watergate.

The official word was that Haig's assignment would be temporary. Having totally failed to realize the force of political pressure that would compel Elliot Richardson to appoint a special prosecutor in mid-May, Nixon may have hoped in those days of total seclusion that after some time off to prepare a few days of testimony before the Senate Watergate Committee, Haldeman and Ehrlichman might be returning, their skins intact. By June, however, as John Dean prepared to sing, such hopes were preposterous even for Nixon; as the temporary arrangement became permanent, Haig bowed to Congressional pressure and retired from the Army he had never really served anyway.

As befits the White House's slick press operations, the news the day of the Haig appointment, June 4, was dominated, not by the retiring general, but by his old enemy, Laird, whose tapping for the post of chief domestic advisor was being stage-managed to produce the biggest headlines of the day. It was Laird who was produced

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for the White House Press Corps that day, and it was Laird of whom frantic Republicans spoke highly, in the mistaken belief that old-fashioned politics, also known as responsiveness, was about to become institutionalized at the White House. That belief got another nudge a bit later on when Bryce Harlow, who served Eisenhower and the first two years of Nixon, was hauled back aboard, again largely at regular Republican urging.

Meanwhile, as Laird and Harlow were offered to the public, Haig and Ziegler went to work where it counts—with Nixon. Day after day, the dreary, diurnal announcement of the President's work-partners sounded like a broken record—Haig, Ziegler, and secretary Rose Woods. By July, Haig had some aides of his own at the White House, two of whom warrant notice. Just as Haldeman employed little Haldemans to run his office, Haig found little Haigs to run his. Senior among them was a retired army major general, John C. Bennet, who on July 18 became custodian of the White House tapes; as the "go-fer" Haig picked 33-year-old George Joulwan, who hails from West Point.

Later that same month, we now have it on Elliot Richardson's testimony, Haig was behaving in true Haldeman fashion, meaning he was doing the dirty work Nixon has never had the guts to do himself. It seems there was a newspaper report that Cox's people were collecting press clippings of matters relating to San Clemente and Key Biscayne. Alarmed, as he had every right to be, Nixon had Haig call the Attorney-General, to inform him that "the President wants a tight line drawn around the Cox investigations, and no further mistakes, or we'll get rid of Cox."

With the exception of one brief occasion, a meeting on the Agnew-dumping affair in August when Nixon said much the same thing to Richardson, it was always Haig who carried his boss's irritation to the Attorney-General. And, in the end, it was Haig who had to handle the talks with Richardson as Nixon maneuvered Cox into a position where it was felt he could be safely fired.

Lest we all forget who's in charge, it was not Haig who mistakenly convinced Nixon he could get away with it because Richardson would never quit; it was not Haig who proceeded on the assumption Cox's whole staff would go along with their boss; nor was it Haig who decided that Judge Sirica would never dare issue a contempt citation if the subpoenaed material weren't promised him. It was Nixon.

All Haig ever did, all he has ever done in his whole "go-fer" life, was to carry out some orders on behalf of the only man with the real power. In short, Haig ultimately doesn't matter.

To underline that point, consider poor Leon Jaworski, fresh from the corporate boardrooms of Houston, about to become the new, not very special prosecutor, but trying to get at least some idea of what he will or won't be allowed to do. He's meeting at the White House, with Haig of course, since Nixon is too scared to talk turkey directly with him, and Jaworski is wondering whether he has the White House's approval to sue the President if compliance with future request for evidence isn't forthcoming.

Does Haig answer the question? Of course not; he doesn't know the answer, and he doesn't have the authority to speak for Nixon unless Nixon gives it to him each and every time. So, aide-de-camp that he's always been, Haig gets up, goes down the hall to Nixon's office for a few minutes, and then returns to tell the new special prosecutor that, yes indeed, he can sue the President of the United States any time he wants to.

There are people like Haig in every government. Their names become household words after a fashion because they're the conveyors of their leader's orders. Haldemans and Ehrlichmans leave, and Haigs and Zieglers take their places, and if the Haigs and Zieglers go you can be sure there will be people to take *their* places. What matters is that the aides don't matter; the only fact of any meaning in the White House today is that Nixon remains. The Haldemans, Ehrlichmans, Haigs, and Zieglers are of interest only because of the extent to which they reflect the character of their President, in this case a man who won't stand people very long near him unless they're the kind who will come close to enemy lines in order to blow up the bathtub. ■

Wide World

Carl Albert: Every Other Inch a President

by Andrew Kopkind

Carl Albert stands on the threshhold of the Presidency of the United States. He does not stand very tall. His shortness of stature—no disqualification *per se,* remembering the counter-example in the White House a few years back—is, unfortunately, complemented by a range of political vision that extends only a few feet beyond him, in all directions. The speakership of the House of Representatives was once considered the second most powerful political office in country, but Albert sinks in the Speaker's chair like a schoolboy in the mayor's seat during Youth Government Week. He looms littler than life. But he is, after all, only an indictment or two—a few shots—a couple of heartbeats away from the Oval Office.

Barring the probable, Carl Albert will make good a promise he once made to retire to his native Oklahoma in early 1979, after serving eight years as Speaker. The probable, however, may include his accession to the Presi-

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Wide World

Carl Albert, center

dency. The winds of Watergate blow hot or cool, but no Republican now in office, confirmed or designated, should consider his position secure.

Now if the Congressional sergeant-at-arms were suddenly to put his hand on the Speaker's shoulder and call him "Mr. President," what would be Albert's reaction?

"I'd be afraid he'd collapse on the Floor," an aide to a Democratic congressman told me recently. Albert has suffered one serious heart attack. Another trauma might be catastrophic. Let us assume, *arguendo*, that Albert survives the first few moments of his presidency, and manages to stagger half-way down Pennsylvania Avenue from Capitol Hill to the White House. His tenancy there will reflect, of course, the many virtues he has perfected during his long and colorless career. Chief among them are an unswerving loyalty to his superiors, a keen sense of the non-controversial, and the judicious suppression of political imagination.

Moderation in all things has stood Carl Albert in reasonably good stead since his boyhood in Bug Tussle, Oklahoma (the natal site was also known as Flowery Mound to the local gentry—except that there was no local gentry). Dirt poor and shabbily clothed, young Carl orated and wrestled (bug-weight) his way into the University of Oklahoma and on to a Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford University in Oxford, England: an achievement which seems to be the high point in every biographical sketch. He came back with two law degrees, worked during the Depression for a government agency and an oil company, served in the Army in World War II (he stills draws a pension in addition to his Congressional salary) and entered the House in 1947, at the same time as a young Southern California lawyer named Dick Nixon.

[BELOW THE SCENES]

Albert's first days in the House were inauspicious. A Republican congressman mistook the boyish and short (5′4″) freshman for a page and ordered him to deliver letters. Albert obliged. He almost always obliges.

So obliging was he, in fact, that he quickly climbed on "the ladder" of Congressional leadership. After only seven years in the House he was appointed Democratic Whip; that was 1954, and it was said at the time that Sam Rayburn had already chosen him to be a Speaker. It all came to pass, of course: Majority Leader in 1962, and the top spot in 1970, when "Jawn" McCormack focused his senses long enough to manage the difficult procedure of retirement.

Along the way, Albert had less than token opposition, both in the elections of the "Little Dixie" Third Congressional District of Oklahoma, or in the corridors of power in the Capitol. As a matter of fact, his only Democratic opponent for Speaker was John Conyers, a liberal black congressman from Detroit, who ran against Albert to protest the Speaker's support for the white racist Mississippi Congressional delegation against the challenge of the Freedom Democrats. Conyers got 20 votes.

Albert offered no surprises as Leader of the House. Indeed, he offered very little leadership. Called "Little Giant" in his proud home district, he is thought of as a "non-leader" by many congresspeople (according to a survey by Ralph Nader's "Citizen's Look at Congress" project). He generally votes with moderate Northern Democrats (*for* civil rights, *against* prayer) rather than the Southern reactionaries, but he manages somehow to antagonize almost no one. As Speaker, he has seriously opposed the Democratic majority only three times: he voted funds for the SST supersonic transport development; he hung with the highway lobby to block funds for the Washington, D.C. subway system; and he refused to support the Mansfield Amendment setting a troop-withdrawal date in the Vietnam war. Hardly anyone was angry with Albert's dissents—save for Bella Abzug, who in the only known example of Congressional attack on the Speaker from Bug Tussle, exclaimed:

"Now you listen to me, Carl, I'm sick and tired, because it's about time this Democratic caucus went on record against the war. What's the matter with you?" Abzug proved persuasive; Albert finally came to support U.S. withdrawal.

Usually, Albert works below the scenes of floor votes, sorting out interests, effecting compromises, keeping Southern committee chairmen and Northern insurgents from killing each other, and warming the Speaker's chair as best he can. He also likes to toss a few drinks down now and then: now more often than then, it seems, and his habits have earned him a White House blackmail file. One seamy entry in his dossier concerns an incident outside the Zebra Room, a smoke-choked bar of habitués across from the National Cathedral in the all-white near-Northwest of the Capital. On a hot night in August 1972, Albert and his wife emerged from the Zebra Room, teetered into their white T-Bird, and peeled off into Wisconsin Avenue, hitting a Pontiac Grand Prix and a large van in the process. The police were called, a crowd gathered, witnesses announced themselves: but the T-Bird was gone. At length—20 or 30 minutes later—Albert returned to the scene of the hit-and-run and, according to Washington Post writer Bill Gold, "shoved a bystander" and "swung wildly at several people" before confronting a police officer, to whom he commanded:

"Leave me alone. I'm Carl Albert, Speaker of the House. You can't touch me. I just got you your raises." (D.C. cops had received a 17.6 percent pay

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increase by Congressional vote.)

According to the Post, the police were complaisant. Albert agreed to pay the Pontiac owner an undisclosed sum of money, the van disappeared, and Albert got a ride home in the cruiser: no accident report, no drunk test, no comment to the press. The newspaper tried to keep the story alive for a few days—there's an intermittent and desultory crusade in the Post about police favoritism to Congresspeople in particular and Northwest Washington whites in general. Two witnesses turned up who swore that Albert was drunk, his clothes disheveled, his speech slurred, his gait unsteady. Some time later, Albert said he had had a drink of unknown ingredients in Buffalo, N.Y., sometime earlier that day. It must have been pretty powerful stuff.

No less a moralist than John Ehrlichman alluded to Albert's habits during his appearance before the Senate Watergate Committee. The White House collected dirt on opposing politicians, he said, to help keep the public informed of the frailities of their leaders; but assuming that an informed public elects the best representatives, there is no evidence that the folks back in Bug Tussle and thereabouts care much about Carl Albert's wrestles with Demon Rum. He's good enough to the district, and his prominence reflects glory on his constituents.

[OUT OF THE PORK BARREL]

Just how good he is can be seen by the list of recent industrial newcomers to the poor and rural Third Congressional District: Uniroyal, North American Aviation, Lockheed, General Dynamics, Wyerhauser Lumber, Congoleum and Airtronics. Albert has done well by doing good. He got pork barrel funds for a water project in Ardmore, Okla., which led directly to the Uniroyal decision to locate there. He managed to convince the Secretary of the Navy to keep the Naval Ammunition Depot going in McAlester after it appeared on the kill list; the Depot is the largest employer in the district. For his part, Albert is careful always to support big military budgets, new missiles (North American) and subsidy loan guarantees (Lockheed). For their part, defense corporations and the Department of Defense spend big in the Third C.D. In 1970, for example, DOD shelled out $50 million.

Albert's amazing good fortune in attracting public works and private industry to the backwaters of Oklahoma has, from time to time, been a matter for political and police investigation. The FBI is reported to have a tape of a bugged breakfast conversation between Albert and one Fred Black, a fixer-upper who helped bring the North American plant to McAlester. The Albert-Black meeting followed another conversation, also bugged, between Bobby Baker and an oil partner of the late wheeler-dealer tycoon, Sen. Robert Kerr, also of Oklahoma. The FBI was on to Baker, and trailed Albert to the breakfast with Black.

Not long ago, in the wake of the Watergate excitement, Albert asked the new FBI Director, Clarence Kelley, for his dossier. It has not yet been sent over to the Speaker's office.

The Third District is relatively as poor now as it was when Albert grew up. Half the population lives below the official "poverty line"; half (the same half, probably) never finished high school. High school is such a big thing down there that Albert sends congratulatory letters to everyone in his district who manages to get a diploma. There's some oil, gas and coal production but it is on the decline; the same for small farming, which has given way to cattle-grazing and feed-crop farming, and resultant unemployment. Albert makes sure that the district gets welfare funds, but he would hardly object to the special government leasing arrangement that lets Uniroyal and North American Aviation pay no local taxes for 30 years.

[THE NICEST GUY]

Only a fool would challenge Albert in the Democratic primary or in the general election. One such fool was an Army officer (Albert had appointed him to West Point) named Jon Marshall, who in the 1968 election ran as superhawk against plain old hawk Albert. Marshall did very poorly. The Republicans think so little of their chances against Albert that they refuse to support any candidate opposing him. Albert campaigns at the customary barbecues and fairs, but eschews electronic media. In his 1970 campaign he reported zero contributions, save for $290 out of his own pocket. (Nader's study claims, however, that Albert received $3,250 from "national-level" lobbying committees, including the Mid-America Dairymen, who were so enthusiastic in 1972 about the Committee to Reelect the President.)

"He's a nice guy. Period," a liberal Congressman once said of Albert. "He had an opportunity to become a great speaker and so far he's blown it." Another colleague complained that Albert's biggest failure was his inability to make enemies—that is, to take stands which might make enemies. But it obviously is an aspect of his nature rather than a conscious decision which keeps Albert "a very private person." He has always avoided television, rarely makes speeches. He genuinely despises the Secret Service guard around him since Agnew's abdication. In that way, and others, he's a lot like his admitted hero, Harry Truman. The word around Washington last week was that an Albert presidency would be a great deal like Truman's.

Like a faithful spaniel, Albert has been serving masters without question for years. After Rayburn and McCormack he attached himself, more or less, to Nixon, at least on the level of the institution of the Presidency and the National Interest. Albert completely accepts Nixon's definitions of those terms.

"I think we're equally concerned with the Republicans that the United States never become a second-rate defense power," Albert once told an interviewer. "In the world in which we live, we can never downgrade the basic priority of our strength as against the top Communist powers. We all agree on this. That's hardly a party issue."

Now that's a speech of presidential timbre, according to the current standards, and it surely represents the quality of Carl Albert's intellect as well as the content of his political philosophy. As a patriotic sentiment, it's nothing to sneeze at; and neither is Carl Albert. Exactly: nothing to sneeze at. ■

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Wide World

...nd the Scenes at the Cox Investigation

by George Lardner, Jr.

On September 3, 1971, President Richard Nixon walked into cavernous McCormack Place in Chicago, for a speech to a wildly cheering crowd of 40,000 dairy farmers and their wives. He congratulated them warmly for their self-reliance, but he won his biggest applause of the night when he told them what he had most wanted--"In terms of food on the table"--on coming home from duty in the Pacific in World War II.

"You know what it was," he told the throng. "Not a steak, and none of the other good things that you usually think of--just a glass of good, fresh milk!"

It was the annual convention of the Associated Milk Producers, Inc. and Mr. Nixon's honeymoon with the big dairy co-op was still going strong. Nine months earlier, in December of 1970, he had proclaimed the import restrictions that the milk producers wanted. The following

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spring, he honored their top officials and lobbyists with a special meeting in the Cabinet room of the White House. Two days later the Administration brushed aside its own experts and approved a multi-million-dollar increase in milk-price supports.

Thereafter, campaign contributions from AMPI's Trust for Agricultural and Political Education (TAPE) and the political arms of two other dairy co-ops had poured into dummy committees secretly organized on Nixon's behalf. But not all of it went to re-elect the President. The same night that Nixon in Chicago was praising the dairy farmers for their productivity, a team of burglars dispatched by the White House was breaking into the Beverly Hills, California, offices of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, Dr. Lewis M. Fielding. Nixon's audience didn't know it, but they were soon to pick up the tab for the break in. TAPE officials apparently thought they were merely contributing another $5,000 for Nixon's second term. In fact, their check repaid a Washington public relations man named Joseph Baroody, who had unwittingly financed the break-in with a quick no-questions-asked loan to White House Special Counsel Charles W. Colson.

Archibald Cox and his special Watergate prosecutors knew all about that last summer, and they were learning much more. Before long the White House was seething over this impossible snoop who really meant to get to the bottom of every alleged scandal in sight—from misuse of the CIA and the IRS to the President's own personal finances.

The tweedy Harvard professor seemed an unlikely investigator when Attorney-General-designate Elliot Richardson turned to him last May after two earlier candidates had rejected the post. At 61, Cox was the former Solicitor-General, a friend of the Kennedy family, an expert in constitutional and labor law, but never a prosecutor. He had a genuine reverence for institutions like the Presidency—and a doggedly blank memory of such happenstances as his sponsorship of G. Gordon Liddy to the Supreme Court Bar in 1962. Cox's brother, Maxwell, was a principal lawyer for billionaire recluse Howard Hughes, a long-time and generous contributor to Nixon campaigns.

Cox himself seemed to some to have been part of a whitewash when he conducted a 1972 inquiry for a Massachusetts legislative committee assigned to consider the impeachment of two judges involved in charges of bribery and sentence fixing. The committee, with Cox as special counsel, held no public hearings, called no witnesses, and hired no investigators. Its final report recommended no action beyond the disciplinary steps already taken by the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

There was also the problem of Cox, the Prominent Democrat. He seemed a setup for charges of partisanship anytime the White House wanted to bring him to heel. He had been a key member of the Kennedy "brain trust" in the 1960 campaign against Richard Nixon. Last year he was an unsuccessful candidate on the Muskie slate in the Massachusetts Democratic primary. Ethel Kennedy was a prominent well-wisher at Cox's swearing-in ceremonies last May 25. So was Teddy. Mrs. Kennedy was back again at the Senate hearing where Cox testified following his ouster. So were Eunice Kennedy Shriver and two of her children.

Cox, of course, couldn't help that. The Watergate Special Prosecutor was not one to renounce old friends if they were bent on public shows of affection. Neither would he, nor could he, take back his own admitted distaste for the policies of the Nixon Administration on civil rights and civil liberties. He had publicly criticized those policies during a lecture series on the West Coast last spring just a few days before he was called to Washington to head the Watergate investigation.

Credentials like that may have been just what the White House wanted. Top Nixon aides had already quietly suggested two candidates to Richardson before he finally selected Cox. One was, of all people, former California Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, who had defeated Nixon for that post in 1962. The other was former Missouri Governor Warren E. Hearnes, who not long before had been hoping for the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee. Even more than Cox, both Brown and Hearnes could have been readily accused of partisan bias anytime they got too nosy and perhaps—say, in the area of questionable campaign contributions—of hypocrisy as well. Beyond that, appointment of a Democrat would help counter public suspicions that White House lieutenants were going to keep obstructing the investigations.

If that was strategy, it failed to reckon with Archie Cox. He respected the Presidency, whether it was John Kennedy's or Richard Nixon's, but he believed even more in the rule of law. It was innocent. It was naive. It was essential.

[THE STAFF ASSEMBLES]

The allegations that cried out for investigation were so encyclopedic that the White House began to look at the Cox operation, in Richardson's words, as "a ravenous beast with an inexhaustible appetite." Archie Cox was doing his job more painstakingly, more persistently, than anyone dreamed. To tackle it he put together a dedicated staff largely composed at the outset of veteran prosecutors from the late Robert F. Kennedy's regime as Attorney-General and junior lawyers with degrees from Harvard Law School. At the head of the Watergate task force, until he left recently to tend his neglected law practice, was James F. Neal, who had successfully prosecuted Teamsters ex-President Jimmy Hoffa for jury tampering. Now in charge is Richard Ben-Veniste, a five-year veteran of the U.S. Attorney's office in New York, where he prosecuted with equal zeal Mafia figures, union officials, and former Democratic House Speaker John McCormack's top aide, Martin Sweig, for fraud and corruption. If prosecutors are supposed to be able to "go for the jugular," there is no need to worry about Ben-Veniste. One wag calls him the "Charlie Colson" of the Watergate prosecution force.

Other top prosecutors include Thomas F. McBride, another Justice Department alumnus who presides over investigations of 1972 presidential campaign financing

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with a list of Nixon campaign contributors in one hand and a copy of Standard and Poor's Register of Corporations, Directors, and Executives, in the other. But he also secured charges against Dwayne O. Andreas, one of the country's biggest political money givers, for allegedly consigning $100,000 in corporate funds to Hubert Humphrey's Democratic presidential campaign in 1968. The charges were filed with Richardson's approval in October just two days before the statue of limitation ran out.

Cox found two Republicans for top staff jobs—Phillip Lacovara, the chief counsel, and Joseph J. Connolly, the head of the ITT task force—and he tried to get more. But Nixon campaign loyalists filled the air with charges of partisanship after Cox's ouster, seemingly directed with special vehemence against the chief of the White House Plumbers' task force, William H. Merrill. Once chief prosecutor at the U.S. Attorney's office in Detroit, he had been a Democratic candidate for Congress in 1966 and he had served as Michigan state chairman of Bobby Kennedy's ill-fated Presidential campaign in 1968.

Despite the accusations of partisanship, the Cox staff has conducted a professional operation, tightly insulated from the press. At the prosecutors' well-guarded offices, yellow stickers on the phones warned against the hazards of bugging. The Venetian blinds were kept drawn to guard against high-powered cameras that might zoom in on desks from neighboring office buildings. Virtually the first decorative touch in the place was a hallway poster emblazoned with a bundle of dynamite wired to a clock and a telephone like a leftover from World War II warning, "LOOSE TALK IS EXPLOSIVE ANYTIME."

Even information that ought to be made public has been stubbornly withheld by the prosecution staff. The inducements offered political saboteur Donald H. Segretti in return for his guilty plea were put under court seal. One high-ranking business executive after another was permitted to plead guilty to illegal corporate contributions to the Nixon campaign without any disclosure in court of who solicited the money or how it was extracted from corporate treasuries. American Airlines, for example, laundered its $55,000 through an agent in Lebanon, but the Watergate force refused to talk about that even after the airline was convicted in Federal court. It was left to the Senate Watergate Committee to develop such details publicly.

If the work seemed partisan, it was only because the scandals were those of a Republic administration. One investigation led to another. For example, the search for the Mexican "laundered" money involved in the Watergate case produced a broader inquiry into cash contributions to the Nixon campaign by executives of three firms that just this year won a multi-billion-dollar contract to bring natural gas from the Soviet Union to the U.S. East Coast. The three companies—Texas Eastern Gas Transmission, Brown and Root, Inc., and Tenneco, Inc.—reached a preliminary agreement last June for the development of the Soviet gas after negotiations that lasted more than a year. The announcement was made in Moscow June 28. Watergate investigators have been checking into its details.

[THE SKIRMISHING BEGINS]

The White House no doubt enjoyed the Special Prosecutor's first big tilt—an overstated and unsuccessful effort to persuade the Senate Watergate Committee to shelve its public hearings. Pressing Senator Sam Ervin (Dem-North Carolina) in an outspoken letter, Cox even asserted that pre-trial publicity about the Watergate scandal could "prevent fair trials from *ever* being held." It was the old Solicitor-General talking, the "keeper of the public conscience," the man who embodies "the United States" in appearances before the Supreme Court. Turned down by the Watergate Committee, Cox made one last try, asking for a court-ordered blackout of the radio and TV coverage for the Senate testimony of former White House counsel John W. Dean, III, and 1972 Nixon campaign deputy Jeb Stuart Magruder. U.S. District Court Judge John J. Sirica turned him down cold.

By then behind-the-scenes skirmishing with the White House had already started. Within three weeks of his appointment, Cox had five inchoate task forces at work: one for the Watergate break-in and cover-up, another to deal with 1972 campaign contributions and financing, and another to investigate the 1971 burglary at Dr. Fielding's offices. Still another was commissioned to look into the "dirty tricks" of political saboteur Segretti and anyone else in that line of work during last year's one-sided Presidential campaign. The last was assigned to the grab bag of charges stemming from the Administration's controversial settlement in 1971 of three anti-trust cases against International Telephone and Telegraph. The investigation involving the fugitive financier Robert L. Vesco, which had already resulted in obstruction-of-justice charges against former Attorney-General John M. Mitchell, and former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, was put under Cox's supervision, but left largely in the hands of regular government prosecutors in New York, who reported to him periodically.

Foot-dragging from the White House soon became apparent despite the President's promise in May of "the total cooperation of the Executive branch of this Government." The first smattering of White House documents—such as the logs of Nixon's telephone conversations and meetings with John Dean—were turned over only after a public complaint by one of Cox's top assistants-for-the-summer, fellow Harvard Professor James Vorenberg.

Some gung-ho staffers were anxious quite early to cut through the delays with some straight-forward subpoenas, but Cox held them back. The White House lawyers, he told his troops, were busy men. The understanding prosecutor-in-chief didn't even squawk when White House Special Counsel J. Fred Buzhardt told him in a June 16 letter that it would "not be appropriate" to supply Cox with Nixon's own tape-recorded recollections of a controversial meeting with John Dean on April 15, 1973.

Cox had gotten the impression from the original majordomo at the Watergate investigation, Assistant Attorney-General Henry E. Petersen, that there was a tape-recording of the meeting itself. But the Watergate prose-

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Wide World

cutors said nothing publicly, not even after Buzhardt obliquely wrote Cox that "the tape recording to which Mr. Petersen referred . . . was a tape on which the President dictated his own recollections of that conversation after it was finished. It would, of course, not be appropriate to produce that tape." It was not until four and a half months later that Buzhardt reported in court the breathless White House discovery—that the Dean meeting itself had never been recorded.

[THE LID COMES OFF]

A few days after Buzhardt's June 16 letter, the Presidential pique began to surface. Cox touched it off with a press conference—called to announce some key staff appointments. He acknowledged under questioning that his office was studying whether Mr. Nixon could be subpoened. Cox also allowed that his special prosecution force was trying to determine whether it would be constitutional to indict a president before an impeachment proceeding. (He never felt it would be quite proper, even if it were constitutional.)

The next day, June 19, White House Chief of Staff Alexander M. Haig, Jr., a former four-star general, picked up the phone and conveyed the indignation of his commander-in-chief to Attorney-General Richardson. The President, Richardson was told, was very upset about what Cox had said. As Richardson recalls it, Haig said that Nixon was not at all happy with the Special Prosecutor's approach to his job and felt that "the whole thing was blatantly partisan."

Caught in the middle after promising Cox solid independence from White House influence, Richardson met with the Special Prosecutor the next day on "jurisdictional matters." He apparently didn't mention the White House ire—but it was "jurisdictional matters" that always rankled Nixon men the most—that and the tapes. Both President and Prosecutor knew that Cox's attempts to get them would not stop with Watergate. There were too many other investigations under way and more to come, all requiring evidence stored in White House files and vaults. The tapes of Presidential conversations alone total 950 six-hour reels compiled by the Secret Service.

Unhappily for the White House, the charter Cox got from Richardson was very broad. The incestuous relationship of one real or imagined "White House horror" with another were all too apparent by the time of the Special Prosecutor's appointment. Watergate led back to the White House Plumbers, to the Ellsberg break-in, to the milk money, to campaign financing, to ITT, to Howard Hunt in a wig at Dita Beard's bedside, and on and on. The lid was off. The inept White House denials of high-level involvement in Watergate had boiled too long.

Richardson knew that. "I don't want to get dramatic about it. Or melodramatic," he told the Senate Judiciary Committee at confirmation hearings on his appointment as Attorney-General. "But I'm among the great majority of Republicans who feel betrayed by the shoddy standards and morals displayed by people whose activities have recently come to light."

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As a result, the charter he gave Cox socked the White House with a catch-22. It gave the Special Prosecutor "full authority" to investigate not only the Watergate scandal and "all offenses rising out of the 1972 presidential election but also any 'allegations' involving the President, members of the White House staff, or presidential appointees." In a letter to Senator Adlai E. Stevenson, III (Dem-Illinois), Richardson made it plain that this left Cox free to investigate asserted improprieties even if they did not constitute criminal conduct.

Nixon and his men have been trying to buck that clause for months. The first crunch came July 3 with publication in the *Los Angeles Times* of a lead story with headlines shouting:

COX PROBES NIXON
HOME PURCHASES

Whether Campaign Funds Helped
Pay For San Clemente Is Key Issue

This story caused an uproar at San Clemente where the President happened to be that morning. This time, Nixon was so stunned he called the Attorney-General personally and, in effect, ordered Richardson to violate his own pledges not to interfere with Cox. The President told Richardson to order Cox to put out a press release denying any such investigation. Mr. Nixon "seemed to be pretty wrought up," Richardson recently reported.

Cox issued the denial, although the Attorney-General apparently did not transmit it as an order either from him or from the President. As Richardson puts it, he always tried to be "quite correct in a formal sense [in dealing with Cox] so that nothing could be construed as pressure" on his one-time teacher at Harvard Law. The Special Prosecutor got the message anyway. But there was a semantic twist to his denial that suggested he fully intended to scrutinize Nixon's personal finances before winding up his work.

Beneath the headlines, the text of the *Los Angeles Times* story had simply and soberly said that Cox had "opened the preliminary inquiry" into the purchase of, and improvements on, Mr. Nixon' San Clemente and Key Biscayne homes. In his statement that afternoon, Cox acknowledged ordering a staff review of "relevant public knowledge" about the issue, which resulted in a staffer's requests to a *Times* reporter, for pertinent clippings and to the General Services Administration (the government's construction and supply agency) for its press releases on tax-paid improvements such as $4,800 for furniture in the President's San Clemente den. Cox denied that this amounted to "a preliminary inquiry" but he did not say that he would steer clear of the issue forever. He knew he had to tackle it sooner or later.

The howling from San Clemente, however, had its effect. White House press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, was publicly proclaiming the President's distress and denouncing the *Times* story as typical of "a rash of unsubstantiated charges" that Ziegler said were "thoroughly unjust and unfair." So Cox shelved the putative investigation. He had plenty of other fish to fry.

["WE'LL GET RID OF HIM"]

The White House was aware of that, too. Less than three weeks later, Nixon was talking to his aides about dumping the persistent prosecutor. Haig told Richardson of this on July 23, the same day Cox issued his subpoena for the tapes of nine of the President's conversations with top aides and campaign strategists about the Watergate scandal. The White House Chief of Staff informed the Attorney-General of Nixon's indignation over a letter Cox's staff had sent out to "all sensitive agencies" in the government, asking for information about their practices and policies in the field of electronic surveillance.

The Cox task force on the White House Plumbers was revving up, moving beyond the Fielding break-in and the secret White House operatives who carried it out, to a broad-gauged inquiry of misuse of long-sacrosanct government agencies—the CIA, the FBI, the IRS, the Secret Service. Who did they bug for the Nixon Administration? And why? The President was uptight. "He wants a tight line drawn," Haig told Richardson. "There can be no further mistakes . . . or we'll get rid of Cox."

The Attorney-General circumspectly contacted Cox once again. The Special Prosecutor agreed the letter had been too broadly worded. It should have been more specific. But disputes over the scope of Cox's inquiries were continuing and chronic. Richardson kept trying to settle them. Perhaps the White House didn't understand the catch-22 clause at all. Perhaps they understood it all too well. Richardson had promised the Senate Judiciary Committee not to try to second-guess, except in the most pressing circumstances, but by now found himself irrevocably the man in the middle. He contacted White House Special Counsel Buzhardt, and they agreed that Cox shouldn't have access to everything the CIA and the Secret Service had done since Nixon's inauguration on January 20th, 1969.

"If he can't agree to that," Buzhardt told the Attorney-General, "we'll have to get rid of him." Richardson then sounded out Cox and between them they decided that generally the investigations shouldn't go back before January of 1971—unless there was a specific need to do so.

The Special Prosecutor kept pressing ahead. The *Washington Post* reported September 9 that his prosecutors were on the verge of securing indictments on the break-in of the offices of Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Former White House advisor John D. Ehrlichman was one of the "targets." (Four days later, it came out that Colson was another.) The break-in had been carried out by the White House Plumbers with CIA technical help and the task force was reportedly considering indictment under a long-standing federal law that prohibits the misuse of government agencies.

More alarums from the White House. From Buzhardt to Richardson to Cox, who was urgently reminded that the Plumbers—organized in 1971 at Mr. Nixon's direction to flush out the sources of sensitive news leaks—had done other supersecret work whose disclosure would really

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damage national security. Cox agreed to be extra careful. The indictments were postponed and Cox settled back for the time being with interim charges of lying under oath against a former presidential aide, Egil Krogh, Jr., once the "Mr. Clean" of the White House staff, who headed the Plumbers unit. The White House had been sitting for weeks on a long list of documents that Cox wanted involving the Plumbers, including one assignment cryptically labelled "Project Odessa." The perjury charges against Krogh (handed up on October 12, just eight days before Cox was fired) were plainly designed to get him to open up, at least about "Special Project Number 1"—the Fielding break-in. In his testimony before the Senate Watergate Committee, John Dean said Krogh had told him that the orders for the break-in came right out of the Oval Office.

The White House was also seething over Cox's determination to investigate the wire-tapping of Administration officials and newsmen, the alleged use of the Secret Service in keeping demonstrators and political opponents from attending Nixon campaign rallies, and a secret White House fund-raising operation for Republican senatorial candidates in 1970.

Run out of the basement of a Washington townhouse, the fund-raising operation went back farther than Cox had indicated he would go after the jurisdictional flaps, but it reportedly involved such familiar figures as former White House Chief of Staff H. R. (Bob) Haldeman, and the President's former personal lawyer, Herbert W. Kalmbach. Catch-22. "I persuaded the Attorney-General that this was within my jurisdiction," Cox recalls.

So, too, for the controversial Howard Hughes contributions of $100,000 that Mr. Nixon's closest friend, C. G. (Bebe) Rebozo, says he kept so long in a safe deposit box. Rebozo isn't a member of the White House staff or an Administration appointee, but, Cox reasoned, he comes close enough. The Special Prosecutor was especially determined to get to the truth of the Hughes' gift because of his brother Maxwell's work for the billionaire. Cox was not about to have any charges of favoritism hurled at him. To avoid any impressions of a conflict of interest, he told his top aides to dig into the Hughes-Rebozo connection without reporting to him.

[COX'S FINEST HOUR]

Cox's finest hour came just before he was fired. He had shown little flair for press conferences before that. Sometimes he laughed awkwardly. Sometimes he seemed the absent-minded professor. It was a striking contrast to his performances in the courtroom where he was never hesitant, never at a loss for words, never unable to enlighten the judges before him on what the relevant laws at issue were all about. The press was a different animal. Cox never knew the devious ways of handling it. At his last conference he succeeded simply by being himself.

When Mr. Nixon ordered him to stay out of court on the tapes —two of which Nixon knew he didn't have— Cox reacted swiftly, going on nationwide television the next day with only one fear: that he might not be able to hold back tears. But he managed it. Suddenly he was a Mr. Smith come to Washington, sorrowfully, sincerely, reluctantly announcing that he might have to ask that the President of the United States be held in contempt of court. "I have sort of a naive belief," he said, "that right will prevail in the end." The Saturday night "massacre" came hours later. And suddenly the nation knew that Richard Nixon had gone too far.

"We all know," a senior White House aide said recently, "that it's now a struggle to survive." One of the chief reasons is the fact that the staff Cox put together refused to disappear despite Nixon's short-lived pronunciamento abolishing the charter that Richardson gave it. The Special Prosecutor had put together what Joe Connolly, the head of the ITT Task Force, liked to call one of the best law firms in town. Cox ran it like a father-figure, always very business-type-like, but always with a tremendous warmth. At a distance, he sometimes seemed arrogant, but up close, he was always "Archie," waiting in line for his turn at the office Xerox machine, wandering into press spokesman James Doyle's office for a crack at the candy jar that Doyle always kept on his desk. Discussions on legal strategy would be hot and heavy at times, but no one ever threatened to resign in protest because his view failed to carry. "Nobody tried to build any little empires," says John Barker, an assistant to Doyle. Cox made everyone feel important to the job at hand. "He used to ask Jim [Doyle] whether this or that was politically wise," Barker recalls. "But when Jim wasn't around the office he'd ask me for the same kind of advice. It was tremendously flattering." Twelve- to eighteen- hour days at Cox' headquarters were commonplace, but no one seemed to mind.

Shortly before his last press conference as Special Prosecutor, Cox urged his aides to stay on the job even if he were fired. And they all did, despite strong temptations to resign in protest. Not one of the 37 lawyers under Cox nor any of the rest of the 80-member staff quit. "They'll have to pick us off one by one," Deputy Special Prosecutor Henry Ruth assured him that afternoon. Assistant Attorney-General Petersen resumed command for a few days after Cox's ouster. Then the President named Leon Jaworski as new Special Prosecutor. The continuity was in the staff which pressed for and got assurances from both men of continued independence from the White House. The charter was officially reinstated.

On Capitol Hill, there were still many who felt this was not enough. Despite new presidential assurances that the new prosecutor would not be fired without the consent of the Congressional leaders, Senator Stevenson, for one, said the new appointment reminded him "of the immortal words of Zsa Zsa Gabor, after one of her numerous marriages. She said, 'this time darling, it's for real.' " Since then, Nixon has embarked loudly on what the White House has asserted would be a final attempt to set the record straight with explanations of almost all the scandals that brought him to the brink of disaster. It may be doubted that this will suffice. There has always been something missing, and that something, simply put, is the truth. It will take more than the President's word to make that recognizable now. ■

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The Last Days of Louisiana Red

If the corporate pig is the oink in charge of Animal Farm, the Moocher is the parasite who slips and slides about in his intestine.

Moochers are people who when they are to blame say it's the other fellow's fault for bringing it up. Moochers don't return stuff they borrow. Moochers ask you to share when they have nothing to share. Moochers kill their enemies like the South American insect which kills its foe by squirting it with its own blood. God do they suffer: "look at all of the suffering I'm going through because of you." Moochers talk and don't do. You should hear them just the same. Moochers tell other people what to do. Men Moochers blame everything on women. Women Moochers blame everything on men. Old Moochers say it's the young's fault; young Moochers say the old messed up the world they have to live in. Moochers play sick a lot. Moochers think it's real hip not to be able to read and write. Moochers stay in the bathtub a long time. Though Moochers wrap themselves in the full T-shirt of ideology, their only ideology is Mooching.

Moochers aren't necessarily poor though some are: Moochers inject themselves between the poor and what other people who are a little better off than the poor set aside for the poor. Like the hoggish Freedman's Bureau crook or anti-poverty embezzler or the do-do student who depleted the Afro-American studies treasury to bring Detroit up to the campus because he was homesick when Detroit got up and rapped everybody to sleep. The highest order of this species of Moocher is the President who uses the taxpayers' money to build homes all over the world where he can be alone to contemplate his place in history when history don't even want him. Moochers are a special order of parasite not even a beneficial parasite but one that takes, takes energy, takes supplies. Moochers write you letters saying reply at once or at your earliest convenience, we are in a hurry, may I hear from you soon or please get right back to me promptly

Moochers threaten to jump out of the window if you don't love them. The Moocher drug is heroin; the Moocher song is "Willow Weep for Me"; Moochers ask you for the same address over and over again. Moochers are the tramps, the idlers, the big bags of wind, emotional muggers from all of the movements of the sixties left right negro white young old male female and some categories we haven't even gotten to yet. They decided to start an organization themselves, their only principle is the lack of principle. This is a story about one of those Americans who fought a corporate pig as well as the pest which wheels and deals in its belly, a story of one American and others like him who took their factory skills and went underground.

For Ed Yellings it all began when he abandoned the rarified world of ideals and put his roots to business. Some say it happened when he returned from a trip to New Orleans.

Ishmael's Reed's most recent books are Mumbo Jumbo, *a novel, and* Chattanooga, *a book of poetry. He was nominated for two National Book Awards in 1973.*

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by Ishmael Reed

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When Ed returned to Berkeley, so named because Bishop George Berkeley, the philosopher, coined the phrase: "Westward, the course of empire takes its way," people noticed the change at once. Rather than resuming his chores, Ed bought an abandoned land on the Marina and here he built his Solid Gumbo Works, a mysterious building surrounded by a large fence erected to keep out the curious.

People could only guess what Ed was up to. When asked his purpose, Ed would merely answer that he had gone into the gumbo business. Though no one could testify to having seen it or tasted it, Ed's gumbo began making waves; though ordinary salesmen hated it, distributors wouldn't touch it and phony cuisinieres gave it a bad name, no one could deny that, however unexplained, there was some kind of operation going on at Ed's gumbo premises: limos could be seen arriving and departing; others got theirs through subscription. Whatever Ed was selling the people were buying, and rather than put his product on the shelves next to the synthetic wares of a poisonous, noxious time, Ed catered to a small sophisticated elite, and all he cared about was whether they paid their dues. In a town like Berkeley, as in any other small town, superstitiousness and primitive beliefs were rife and so was their hideous sister, gossip.

Now Ed's wife, Ruby, had left him with four children: Minnie, the youngest, Street, the oldest, and Wolf and Sister, the in-betweens. Minnie and Street caused Ed anguish; by the time Street was sixteen his father had extricated him from many a jam, and since Ed was seen by the town's white folks as a good nigger—he wore a suit and tie and drove a BMW, had taught at the University and had good credit—his son was often able to get off with "light sentences."

The boy would often chide his father on his lack of "militancy," as he was led out of the cellblock where he had been placed for assault rape extortion but mostly assault. Street loved to fight. Fightin' and Eatin', and the stark name children scribble on the wall to denote a woman's privates.

Minnie, though no delinquent, would try to wear her father down. She would often engage in toe-to-toe verbal combat with her father. No! she wasn't going to wash the dishes; cleaning up your room was for the birds; if he didn't like what time she came in at night, that was his problem; she went out of her way to come on "field." The only person Minnie would mind was her Nanny. She loved this jolly, robust, happy-go-lucky creature who was hired to look after the children after Minnie's mother Ruby ran off to the east to enter politics. Ed never spanked her; he characterized spanking as "Louisiana Red"; he had a cryptic way of expressing himself. As the years went by, he became weary of fighting with his youngest daughter and so Ed would try to appease her with gifts he'd never give the other children. When she reached her teens, she was the only member of her set who owned a Porsche. Sister was a good, clear-eyed child who, though not as pretty as Minnie, had nimble fingers. She was so good at sewing that she opened her own boutique. She never complained when ordered to bed or to put away her playthings. Wolf was already cunning, quiet, and serious.

As time passed, more and more of Ed's time was spent at the Solid Gumbo Works, and so the booming business of his enterprise wouldn't allow him to spend as much time with his children. He lived in the Berkeley Hills located in the northern section of the town, called "White town." Negroes and poor whites lived in "Dark town" or "Bukra town" which was the area located below Grove Street in the "flats." The area running through the border segments was referred to as "Japtown."

A good portion of the Dark town and Bukra town was located across the railroad tracks which traveled on Bonar Street. Ed liked it in the Berkeley Hills house secluded by large trees even though, once, a cross was burned on his lawn. He was even able to hire a Nanny Lisa, a hefty, spread-out black woman who showed up mysteriously to inquire about the job before Ed had even placed the help wanted ad in the *Berkeley Gazette.* What luck Ed had thought at the time, and, faithful to her promise, Nanny was very good with the kids and especially good with Minnie. She was able to cure some of Minnie's bad habits like wresting the leg of the turkey for herself when she knew that it was Ed's favorite part of the meat; sitting in his favorite chair and smoking his private cigarettes. But as Minnie grew older, her techniques of hostility towards her father lost their crude edge, the crude edge she had developed after her mother Ruby had left the household on that night Minnie would never forget.

Ruby Yellings, Miss Atlantic City '65, never did take to Berkeley. After a Ferris Wheel romance which saw its ups and downs she and Ed were married and, as many people who try to introduce some dramatic element into their lives to stave off a divorce, they had children. Motherhood bored Ruby and so she began to seek dalliances with other men.

One night, after a nasty quarrel which seemed more intense than the others, Ruby and her husband came to blows. All of the children were in bed except Minnie who, not one to mind her own business, crept to the door of the children's bedroom and heard her mother and father arguing. Minnie couldn't hear everything, only: "I'd like to see you try it." She called Minnie's father a chump, a punk, a dope, a joker, a dingaling, a dingbat, a jiveass, kissass—she threw the book of invective at him. She insulted Ed's father, his grandfather, his uncles—all of the males in Ed's line. She told Ed that he could "eat her Burger." First there was a pause. Then a loud CLAP! Minnie heard her mother tumbling down the stairs, and Minnie, crouching there in the bedroom door, could see her father standing over her mother, huge, majestic, while behind him, in the oil portrait, wearing a strange yellow top hat, red jacket, and standing next to a handsome auburn-colored horse with a silver-trimmed saddle, an old steepled skyline of New Orleans behind him, stood Doc John, who had been identified by her father to her as an ancient New Orleans astrologer and diviner.

"YOU CRAZY DEVIL. SMACKING ME LIKE THAT. I'LL REPORT YOU TO THE MAN. I'LL REPORT YOUR BURGER. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE USING THAT GRANT MONEY FOR RESEARCH BUT INSTEAD YOU'RE DOWN IN THE BASEMENT MAKING THEM OLD SMELLY FORMULAS."

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Ed whispered, nearly inaudible. He told her mother to cease her raving because the children would overhear them.

"I DON'T CARE IF THEY DO. I . . ." but before her mother could say anything Ed slapped her again. Sent her reeling against the wall, next to the door, this time with a bloodied nose. Her dress slid up over her knees, revealing aspects of the body that brought her beauty fame.

Ruby sobbed for awhile. Ed cooly circled the room, smoking a Camel. She rose, brushed herself off, and regained her composure.

"I'll send for my bags tomorrow. You'll hear from my lawyers, too." Minnie saw her mother turn and walk out of the house but not before directing a hostile ancient sign toward her father: placing a thumb in her nose and wagging her fingers. Later word arrived that Minnie's mother had gone east.

* * *

Never would she submit to a man. After this episode she began to behave surly towards her father. She pouted and wise cracked when he greeted her in the morning. She was rude to Ed's fellow Workers. Sometimes she'd get so angry when she heard of his accomplishments she'd fly into Nanny Lisa's apron, whereupon Nanny Lisa would fix her some pancakes. That would make the child happy. She loved pancakes, especially topped with syrup. She would gobble them up, and Nanny would smile broadly, real broadly, and say, "That chile sho loves to put away them flapjacks." After which Nanny would bathe her and tuck her in perhaps while singing a rousing version of "Take It Right Back to the Place Where You Got It I Don't Want Any of It In Here" and other songs depicting men as brutish wayfaring louts. After the child was tucked in Nanny would tell her those stories about the "Widow Paris," and her running combat with Doc John, a mean uppity diabolical smarty pants ("Mr. Bigshot, Who Do You Think You Are?").

Minnie loved these stories in which the Widow Paris, Marie, would always best Doc John, prevail over this no account ruffian.

Minnie was becoming suspicious of her father. What did her mother mean when she accused him of making formulas in the basement which had been long since locked up. When Ed opened his Solid Gumbo Works on the Berkeley Marina. (She liked Marie to win and would laugh her little chirren chitter when Doc John was brought down to size.)

What was this gumbo? She would ask Nanny about this gumbo and Nanny would cook it for her; but she knew that her Dad wasn't in the restaurant business, so what kind of gumbo was it? Nanny was as in the dark about the operation as she was. Once she had seen her Nanny going through her Dad's papers and she and Ed had a fight about it until Nanny had finally convinced the man that she merely was looking for some change to pay the paperboy. Her father was touchy and uptight. What did he have to hide?

Years passed. Minnie enrolled in the University of California at Berkeley in Rhetoric (they have a Ph.D. program) because she was good at that. Sister entered the boutique business. Wolf went into his father's Gumbo business which was no surprise to Minnie; Wolf had been just like her father: secretive, taciturn, smart. Too goddam smart for her money. Bro. Street went to jail for busting one of his street companions on the head with a lead pipe. Minnie got along with Street better than she did with Wolf and Sister.

* * *

In Berkeley, Moochism was becoming the thing to be. Books on Moochism appeared on the bookstore shelves while the *Partisan Review* was hardly moving. The prose style was a little too "dudish" for this quiet little university town. Minnie was happy about the outpouring of Moocher buttons. She was particularly pleased with one which read: "I Am A Moocher." Minnie had risen in the Moocher's ranks, making quite a name for herself as orator and rhetorician. For her appearances she was provided with female body guards known as the Dahomeyan Softball Team. There were Moocher songs, Moocher tie clips and Moocher bumper stickers; Wall Street predicted that Moochism would be one of the top thirty-five trends in the U.S. to succeed.

Minnie was content. She wriggled about Telegraph Ave. like a chicken without a neck. Then it happened.

Solid Gumbo Works had invented a gumbo that became a cure for cancer. Crowds gathered submitting their walking-dead loved ones. Newsmen came. Gumbo came to be seen as a cureall dish, and the health food stores were in trouble. The Co-op had to slash their prices to compete. And if this happened to these economical and consumer-minded stores, you can imagine the panic at Safeways. The people didn't want to Mooch when they could have Gumbo, and so the Moochers' recruits fell off. Once while Minnie was rhetoricizing, a man got up and said "We're sick of hearing that dumb Burger, you Burger-Burger you." Minnie was sad. Even though eighteen, she clung to the massive heaving bosom of her Nanny, and Nanny would rock her to sleep like she used to, staring at the child with her old shiny mammy eyes as she prayed to Saint Peter to look down on this chile. Outside, the Dahomeyan Softball Team, Minnie's bodyguards, would mill about as Nanny would issue hourly press bulletins on the state of Minnie's despondency. They were some fierce rough-looking butch faces led by this big old 6 foot bruiser they all called the "REICHSFUHRER." (Break a man's jaw.)

Ed, Wolf and some Workers came up to the house one night to discuss some gumbo business and ran into this strange vigil. The Dahomeyan Softball Team looked at the men angrily. Nanny was in the midst of telling Minnie one of those stories about Doc John, and how when Marie, by that time, the "last American witch," finished with him, she had him eating out of her hand.

"What's wrong with Minnie?" Ed asked as he led the guests and Wolf into his study.

"Ah don't know, Mistuh Ed. Seems she haint feeling too good. I going to fix the chile some buttermilk and put her to bed."

"I hope she feels better," Ed said as the company moved into Ed's private room.

Nanny undressed Minnie and had the child drink some nice warm buttermilk. Minnie's body possessed all of the

(Continued on page 53)

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Special Report

The Mideast War

I. The Mood in Tel Aviv

It is a tragic irony that in 1967, starting from behind "insecure" borders, with the world convinced they would lose, the Israelis smashed their enemies, while in 1973, with "secure" boundaries and a military organization considered to be one of the world's best, Israel almost lost the war.

The price for not losing was paid by the young Israelis. The staggering number of 18, 19, and 20 year olds who were killed or injured is enough, by itself, to scar the country's soul for many years, especially since no one can be certain that another war will not erupt. Hardly a city street or a rural settlment is without its dead. Every family in the country mourns for its own or for the dead sons of friends and relatives.

During the first few days of the war, the news from the battlefronts was always bad. "There was a new disaster every three minutes," one high officer said and every hour on the hour when the radios were turned on, Israelis listened with disbelief and dismay. Not even the laundered and censored reports could hide the fact that the war was going badly. Even after the battletrend had been reversed and the Israelis began striking back, a palpable sense of pessimism hung like a miasmic dark cloud over the country.

Israeli misery over the war and its consequences is intensified, too, because the Arab strength and vigor was completely unexpected. And the pain is not lessened because the Arab losses were also incredibly high. That fact in itself disturbs Israelis because it means that their previous conviction about Arab cowardice was wrong, too: the great majority of the Arab soldiers who were killed or wounded were lost in battles, not in flight.

"They're acting like suicide squadrons!" shouted a whitefaced and shaken Israeli colonel as he ran into his commanding officer's bunker. "They're knocking out our tanks by standing up in front of them and firing until the tanks crush them!"

Before this war, every Israeli of every political persuasion was convinced that the country's military capabilities were so great any enemy could be overcome in combat. But now they realize, at a great cost, that their self-confidence, bordering on arrogance, was misplaced and that their military leaders vacillated and blundered just as much as did their political chiefs.

After their 1967 victory, many Israelis feasted, indeed gorged themselves on their military prowess while their government based its fundamental political principles on an attitude of complacency, of not needing to embark on bold, imaginative political steps towards peace because of Israel's military superiority.

Understandably, then, the initial Israeli response to this war was to argue only about the military successes and failures; now, however, many people in the country are beginning to link the technical military failures to possible political miscalculations. Today, it is assumed, for example,

by Paul Jacobs

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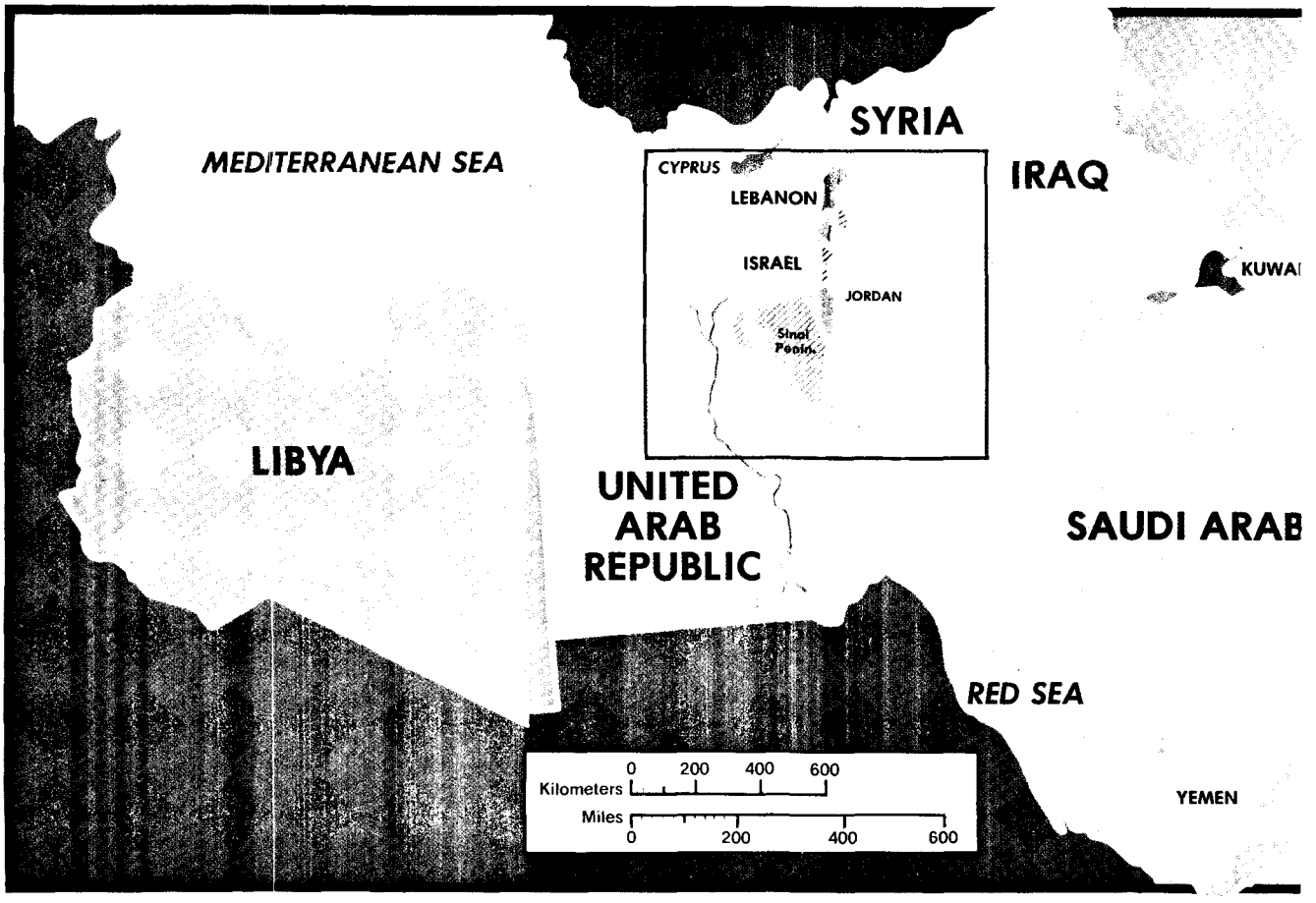

that the highly regarded Israeli intelligence service did apprise the country's leaders of the impending attack but that the leaders refused to act upon the information either for political motives or because one powerful segment of the leadership refused to believe that the Arabs were capable of professional military achievements.

The Israelis adjusted quickly to the new situation they confronted, but many young Israelis were cremated inside their tanks or shot down in their warplanes before the Arab onslaught was stopped. The Israelis suffered another military shock, too: they discovered that the Arab intelligence operations, with the obvious assistance of the Russians, was of much higher quality than they had expected it to be. The Arabs knew, for example, that many changes were taking place within the high ranks of the defense forces and that a new weapons system was being introduced but was not yet in effect, with all the resultant confusion that ensues in such cases. (The Israelis assume, incidentally, that the large number of Russian immigrants arriving include intelligence agents and that the country will continue to face this problem.)

Perhaps if so many Israelis had not accepted, so totally, a military conceit that merged into the sin of hubris, they would not feel so utterly dismayed and alone now. And the shaking of their confidence in their military edge took place, simultaneously, with a whole series of equally unexpected and well orchestrated political setbacks: the Arab nations skillfully using their control of oil supplies to precipitate an energy crisis in Europe and America, turning the NATO nations against each other and against the U.S., while the African nations broke relations with Israel, in rapid succession. The impact of the African rejection of Israel has been acute. Israel had invested enormous sums of money and goodwill into its African program, especially in countries like Ethiopia, where the Israelis had served the emperor faithfully. Finally, when the United States and the Soviet Union imposed a ceasefire, the Israelis realized they no longer controlled their own fate and could not act to carry out what they perceived to be their national interests.

So the country is caught up in an uneasy, sour ferment, marked by acrid, nasty and bitter criticisms which the government and military officials are answering in ways that some Israelis insist, openly, are designed to cover up the real failures. The "War of the Jews," as Israelis describe it, has started and no one knows where it will end.

[THUNDER ON THE RIGHT, CONFUSION ON THE LEFT]

Immediately after the uneasy ceasefire in the military war went into effect the first shots in the new war were fired by *Likud*, a coalition of the right-wing groups which had been formed to wage a campaign for the postponed election scheduled originally for late October. The right-wing groups, who are gaining adherents, denounced the government for its conduct of the war, insisted that no ceasefire should have been accepted, and charged that the war should have continued until the Arab armies were destroyed, even if that meant occupying Cairo and Damascus.

Underneath the allegations made by the Right, especially those involving the ceasefire and continuation of the war,

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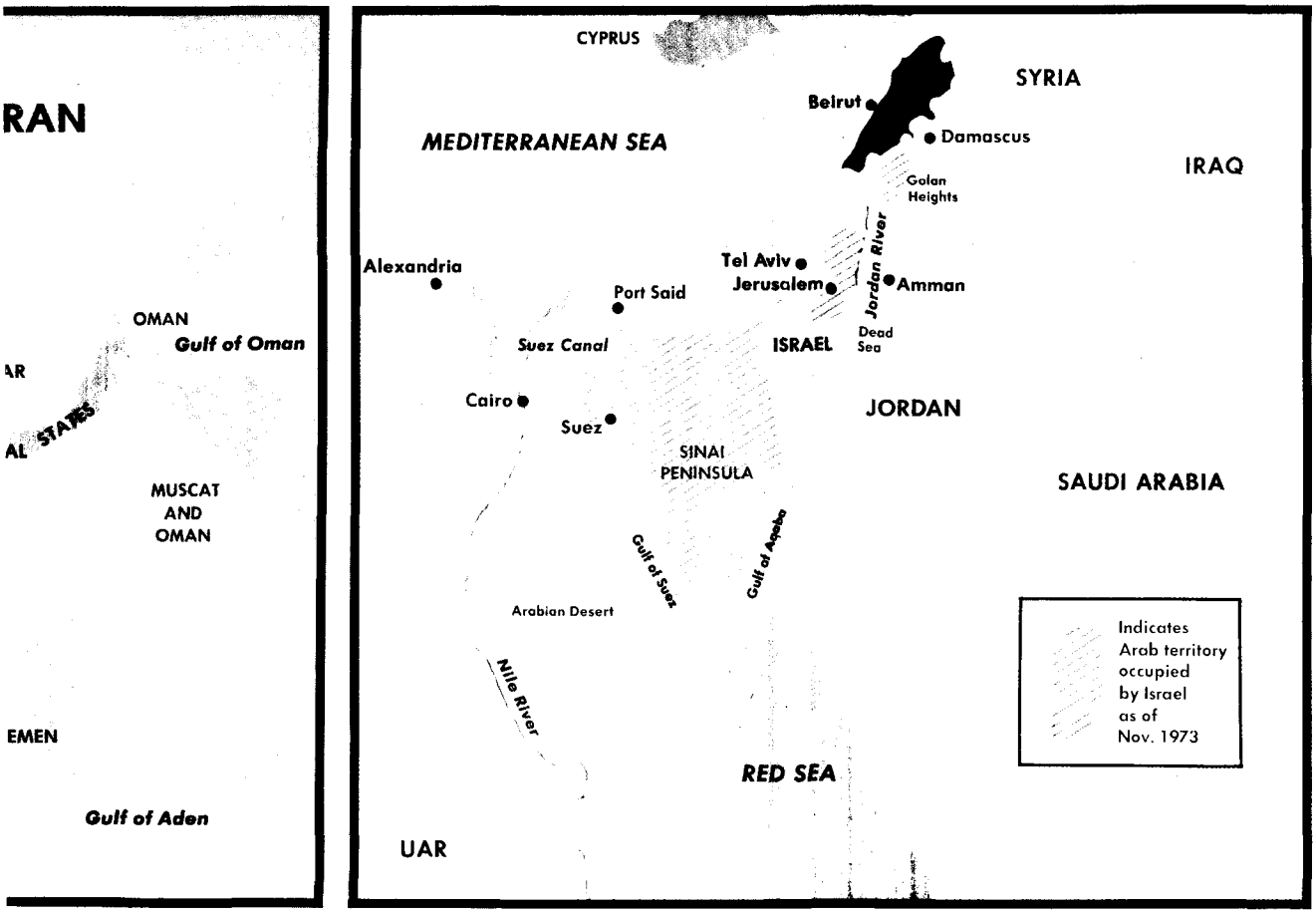

Map by Diane Coleman

lies the reality of relations between Israel and the U.S. That reality isn't a sudden discovery for Israelis, but the brutal truth about the total dependency involved was revealed from the moment that Golda Meir sat in shocked silence at her desk after being told, by phone, of the ceasefire decision made in Moscow. After that, it was clear to all that Israel could no longer act on its own but had to accept, no matter how unwillingly, the U.S. demands on it.

"It is impossible to make war without shells," complained Moshe Dayan bitterly, as he explained to the Knesset Israel's military dependence on the U.S. Dayan pointed out in answer to the charges of the Right that "Anyone who suggests that we wage this war with a rift between Israel and the U.S. is suggesting that we will not win the war."

One reason for the growth in right-wing support is that the only charismatic military figure to emerge from the grim, sad war, General Ariel "Arik" Sharon, was, even before the war, a leading figure in the Right. In fact Sharon, who had been retired from the army in early 1973, immediately went into the political arena and forced, by the power of his personality, the quarrelsome and factionalized right-wing groups into forming an election coalition with himself as one of its leading candidates.

When this war broke out, General Sharon was recalled to duty and quickly became a legend, helped considerably by some devoted military correspondents and his own well-developed sense of publicity. Soldiers chalked the slogan "Sharon, King of Israel" in large letters on their tanks as they crossed the Suez.

Sharon is a dedicated Zionist, who believes Israel should be the general headquarters for all Jews and who has said that he would like to serve Israel as head of the "Ministry of World Jewry." He calls himself a superhawk in military affairs and a superliberal in domestic ones. He opposes the tight control exercised by religious groups over the civil life of the country, believes Arabs should have more rights than they do now, including the right to serve in the armed forces, and is also bitterly anti-socialist.

"Arik" is idolized by the men he leads in battle, exhorting them with "We can go to Egypt," and is hated by many of his colleagues for his flamboyant manner and his willingness to quarrel with superior officers. During the height of a battle in this war, Sharon shouted over the phone at one of his commanders, "The man who appointed you should be cursed!" And when he refused to don a helmet, bellowing out "I don't need a helmet but when I get back to Tel Aviv those generals there will need one," he struck a responsive note among those Israelis seeking to identify with a new hero able to replace the diminished and subdued figure presented now by Moshe Dayan.

Many people in Israel see Sharon as dangerous, precisely because he is so charismatic. A large, shambling, gray-haired man, with a deep voice and a big pot belly, he looks and acts much like a man of the people. And therefore those who oppose his expansionist political views consider him a real threat, even talking about him as the potential leader of a right-wing coup supported by the military. Given Israel's history and the present disillusionment with the military, such a notion seems unlikely, even though the government has no dynamic political program to present at the moment—as it has had none for the past six years.

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The forces of the Left in Israel are much weaker than those of the Right, and the outbreak of the war demonstrated the sharp distinction that must be made between the peace and anti-expansionist movement in Israel and anti-war movements in other countries, including the U.S. Despite the opposition of the Israeli Left to their government's policies, especially with respect to the rights of the Palestinian Arabs, the activists of the Left and their supporters all fought in the war against the Arabs. Though alienated from their government, they remain still committed to Israel's existence as a Jewish state and therefore to its defense in time of war. In fact, those of the Left who were mobilized from the reserves returned dutifully to service, and some of those who were not recalled complained that they had been discriminated against because of their political views.

Oddly, it seemed to me, part of the Left evinced a sense of betrayal about the Arabs as if they, the Israeli pleaders for the cause of peace and justice, had somehow been let down by the fact that their pre-war predictions had come true. Others were bewildered and confused, uncertain about their past opposition to retaining the occupied territories, caught up in an endless argument circling around itself: if Israel hadn't held on to the territories, no buffer area would have stood between Israel and the Arabs, but if Israel hadn't been so intransigent about not returning the occupied lands, the war might not have started.

An uneasy sense also exists now in the Left, that perhaps the Arabs—all the Arabs—*do* want to destroy Israel as a state, even though the Jews in Israel may not be killed. Yet many people in the Left agree that the Arab states had no choice but to go to war, and believe that perhaps now that Israel, together with Egypt and Syria, has been forced into motion by the superpowers, some progress towards peace will take place.

No one in the Israeli Left believes their forces have had much direct impact on Israeli political life, except among the young Israelis. And barring a sharp and dramatic shift in the political notions of most Israelis, the "Left" groups will not be able to do much more than raise certain moral principles, acting as a reinforcing body to those individuals within government circles who will now try to bring about a change of policy from within the government.

Programatically, the small Left groups still insist that the only real security for Israel lies not in its borders but in peaceful relations with its Arab neighbors. Yet no one today suggests unilateral withdrawal from the occupied territories; instead the urging is for withdrawal over a period of time in exchange for peace treaties and ultimate recognition of Israel by the Arab states. And, of course, all the groups share the view that somehow acceptance of Palestinian Arab rights must be part of the settlement.

[WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?]

Those Israelis within the established order and parties who have been shaken in basic ways by the new war look hopefully to Arie Eliav and Yitshak Ben Aron for leadership in the postwar period. Eliav has had a long and distinguished career as ambassador to the Soviet Union, planner and developer of successful development towns, and secretary-general of Mapai, the dominant party in the government coalition. He resigned from his party post because of a principled disagreement with Mrs. Meir and her advisors over the government policy on continued occupation of the Arab territories captured in 1967. Before the war broke out Eliav warned that Israel's "frantic race for conspicuous consumption may become a life philosophy" and attacked those Israelis who insist that Israel should yield "not an inch" of the land it now controls. Instead, Eliav called for recognition of the Palestinian Arabs' right to self-determination, including the establishment of a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza Strip plus the return of most of Sinai and the Golan Heights to Egypt and Syria. But all of these conditions are predicated, in Eliav's view, on the existence of peace in the area—meaning the acceptance by the Arabs of Israel's right to exist.

Yitshak Ben Aron, secretary-general of the Histadrut, Israel's powerful, all inclusive trade union-employer-social welfare agency, expresses much the same viewpoint as Eliav. Ben Aron called, at one point, for the possibility of unilateral withdrawal from the occupied territories and attacked the government for its failure to overcome the gap between rich and poor, meaning the Jews of European descent and those who came to Israel from the Arab countries. During the war Ben Aron was silent, but now he is preparing to mount a major public onslaught against the government's policies, an onslaught which may cost him his post in the Histadrut.

What happens next? No one in Israel knows or is willing to predict the future. Perhaps Eliav and Ben Aron will succeed in pushing out the present leadership of Mapai. And then, think their supporters, perhaps over a long period of time a sense of trust will develop between Arabs and Israelis. Perhaps, too, the Palestinian Arabs will give up their notion of returning to the place they left—which is now Israel—and accept, no matter how unwillingly, a Palestinian state on the West Bank and in Gaza.

But that future seems far, far distant now. "Whatever happens between Israel and the Arab states, we lose," one Arab living in East Jerusalem told me, and another, standing by, added, "Maybe for the Egyptians and Syrians, the war with the Israelis is over but for me it's just beginning. This is my country and I want it back."

For the first time in the many years that I have been visiting Israel, I heard a note of desperation in Israeli voices, a resonance of a Massada end to their lives, except that if they only see that as the final solution, they may be prepared to take the Arab world with them.

And I also heard, for the first time, a few Israeli intellectuals talk seriously about migrating from the country because they could not bear to live there any longer under the present level of tension and anxiety. But for me the saddest comment came from a woman friend, whose eldest son complained to her that all his friends were fighting in the Army while he was too young to join them.

"Don't worry, Danny," she said sadly, "you'll have your war, too." ■

Paul Jacobs is a writer and an associate of the Institute for Policy Studies, who was in Israel during the 18 day war.

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Micha Bar-Am/Magnum

Minefield in Sinai

Israeli Generals Moshe Dayan and Arik Sharon

Bamahane/Magnum

Palestinian guerrillas in training

Courtesy of Mideast Research and Information Project

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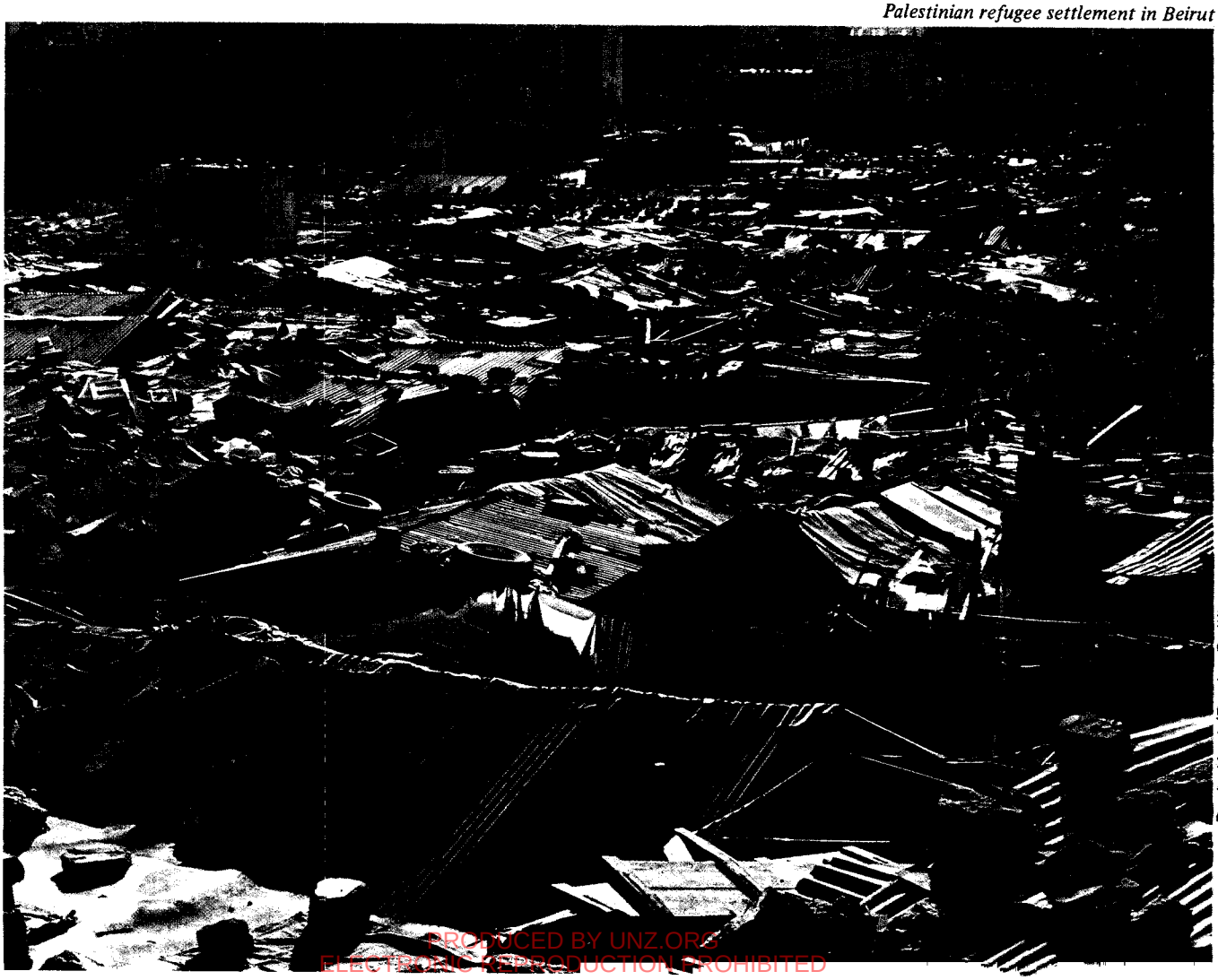
Bruno Barbey/Magnum

Aftermath of Israeli raid on Damascus

UPI

Kibbutz near Syrian border

Palestinian refugee settlement in Beirut



Paolo Koch/Rapho Guillumette

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II. The Background

When Syrian and Egyptian armies invaded Israeli-occupied territories on October 6, the reaction in Israel and the West was one of amazement and disbelief. The visible military preparations had been discounted, as were the extensive maneuvers including amphibious operations a few months earlier. The prevailing assumption was that it would be suicidal for the Arab States to provoke the Israeli juggernaut—"lunacy," as Golda Meir put it. "Action against Israel is clearly out of the question," a well-informed British correspondent wrote shortly before the war broke out,[1] expressing a virtually unanimous view. General Arik Sharon, Commander of the Southern Front and now the leading figure in the right-wing coalition *Likud,* informed an Israeli political meeting last July that Israel is more powerful than any European NATO force, and is capable of conquering the area from Khartoum to Baghdad to Algeria within a week, if necessary.[2] When Israeli Chief-of-Staff David Elazar announced in his first press conference that the tide had already turned and that Israeli forces would soon "break the bones" of their enemies, few doubted the accuracy of his prediction.

Events proved otherwise. Israel reconquered the Golan Heights and moved deeper into Syria, but the Syrian Army was not destroyed and conducted vigorous counterattacks until the cease-fire. Correspondents in Syria detected no sense of urgency and wrote of "astoundingly high" morale and "relatively few" casualties, more civilian casualties than military in one Damascus clinic.[3] In Egypt, reports indicate that "the demoralization, not to say, decomposition, of Egyptian society which the endless no-war no-peace situation had produced has been replaced by a true cohesion," so that now "Sadat can ask of his people sacrifices which were inconceivable before the war broke out."[4] Earlier this year, correspondent David Hirst comments, a war budget had to be withdrawn under popular pressure. No longer. The Suez battle remained a standoff until the last days before the cease-fire, when Israeli armor succeeded in breaking through the Egyptian lines and crossing the canal. It was only after the cease-fire that Israeli troops surrounded the Egyptian III Corps, threatening a military catastrophe that led Sadat to call on the great powers to enforce the cease-fire, provoking a carefully stage-managed superpower confrontation.

Israel plainly was unable to "trample Arab faces in the mud," as its Arabic-language broadcasts promised.[5] Still less did it prove that it could conquer most of the Middle East and North Africa within a week. Rather, as one Israeli officer stated, "we have learned that given Soviet supplies to the Arabs, we cannot fight a two-front war simultaneously against the Egyptians and the Syrians"—"a very sad lesson," he added.[6] Without a massive U.S. military supply effort, possibly exceeding Russian shipments according to Pentagon officials and continuing without letup after the cease-fire,[7] Israel might have been compelled to abandon parts of the occupied territories and Israeli urban centers might have been exposed to bombardment—as Damascus and other Arab cities were—by the still intact Arab air forces. The U.S. was sufficiently concerned to dispatch combat marines aboard two helicopter carriers to the Sixth Fleet. Merely a "normal replacement," Defense Secretary Schlesinger explained as he attempted to convince the public that the worldwide alert of conventional and nuclear forces was justified by the ambiguous indications that the Russians were preparing to dispatch airborne troops.[8] To be sure, the severity of the confrontation was not great, since the world understood that it was largely contrived for domestic political purposes in the U.S. and that the local issue was enforcement of the cease-fire before the destruction of the trapped Egyptian forces. But American concern over the fortunes of the Israeli military was real enough.

Sadat's "Operation Spark" seems to have been a successful gamble. New forces were set in motion in the Arab world and the U.S. may be impelled to reassess its policy of *de facto* support for permanent Israeli occupation of the territories gained in 1967. Earlier efforts by Egypt and other Arab states to achieve this end had failed, but it may be a result of the October fighting. Certainly the basic assumptions of U.S. policy have been shaken, if not undermined. The oil-producers and the great powers were compelled to involve themselves directly in the conflict. A potentially serious rift was exposed between the U.S. and its NATO allies. By disrupting regional stability and posing a threat to the fundamental interests of the superpowers, Egypt and Syria may have set the stage for an imposed settlement much along the lines of their earlier demands.

[ISRAELI "SUPERPOWER"]

Israeli policy since 1967, and U.S. support for it, has been based on the premise that Israel is a military superpower by the standards of the region and that its technological predominance will only increase. Though Sharon's bravado was excessive, his basic point was a commonplace. The Syrian Minister of Information observed that "America has based its Middle East policy on the assumption of overwhelming Israeli military superiority," and the leading paper of Kuwait warned that in the light of Arab military successes, "America should realize that Israel is no longer a suitable protector" for its interests. In emphasizing that "Israel (and the United States) will never seriously consider concessions unless the Arabs show Israel is incapable of keeping the lid on the Middle East,"[9] Arab commentators were offering their own version of principles expressed as well by Israeli spokesmen. Thus General Yitzhak Rabin assured his countrymen that "Americans have given us weapons so that we should use them when necessary," adding that the West is coming to understand that "if some medieval-type rulers really mean to endanger the oil needs of hundreds of millions of people in the civilized world, then the West is permitted to take tough steps

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to prevent this."[10] The implications of this--possibly prophetic--remark seem obvious.

Confident in its power, Israel pursued the policy of gradual incorporation of the occupied territories. Last August the Israeli press reported long-range plans for settlement in the "new areas" and for virtually doubling the "jurisdictional area" of Jerusalem, as well as the continued seizure of Arab lands by the security services. The Minister of Commerce and Industry, Chaim Bar-Lev, was quoted as saying that "we regard Israel and the occupied areas as a single economic unit." [11] The dominant Labor Party adopted a program for the October elections that implied virtual annexation of the occupied territories. It thus outflanked the rightist opposition from the right, as the liberal Israeli commentator Amnon Rubinstein noted, by adopting in effect Dayan's principle that Jews and Arabs can live together only under Israeli military occupation.[12] According to Rubinstein, Dayan's statement to this effect had been received "with deafening applause" at the graduating ceremony of Tel Aviv University. As he states, it seems to be the guiding principle of the less expansionist of the two major electoral blocs. It is hardly likely that such programs can have been adopted without U.S. backing.

Until October, U.S. policy seemed a qualified success. The major military powers in the region, Israel and Iran, were firmly in the American camp, as were Jordan and Saudi Arabia. In important respects, the U.S. policy of reliance on Israel as a threat to radical nationalism represented a point of convergence of the interests of these powers, as was clear when the Palestinians were crushed in September 1970. Furthermore, Egypt had expelled Russian advisers and was appealing for American support. Even during the war, final negotiations continued with the Bechtel Corporation and Kidder Peabody Investment Bankers over an oil pipeline that is to be the biggest Egyptian undertaking since the Aswan Dam.[13] In Egypt, the leftist opposition had been eliminated. Syria had closed down the Palestinian radio station. A *de facto* settlement favorable to U.S. interests seemed to be taking shape, a settlement which also coincided with domestic political needs of the Nixon Administration.

[RETHINKING U.S. OPTIONS]

It is important to bear in mind, however, that the U.S. has other policy options, which it will not hesitate to pursue if its basic interests are endangered. It might attempt to organize reactionary Arab regimes explicitly in an alliance that might well incorporate an Israel compelled to abandon its 1967 territorial gains. These were the implications of the Rogers Plan, discarded in favor of tacit support for permanent Israeli occupation. The latter policy is no law of nature, however, and the famous Jewish vote and Zionist lobby will be no serious barrier to reversing it if circumstances so require, just as they did not prevent Eisenhower from forcing Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai in 1956 or the Democratic administrations from giving twice as much aid to Egypt as did the USSR during the 5-Year Plan of 1960-65.[14]

The policy of supporting Israeli occupation carried serious risks, despite its appearance of success. It was unacceptable to Syria and Egypt, and there was always a danger, now quite real, that the Saudi Arabian regime might be compelled by nationalist pressures to withdraw its tacit acquiescence and to modify its close association with the United States. The U.S. government is not prepared to see the world's largest petroleum reserve slip from the control of American oil companies. Sadat's military success called forth gestures of support from Saudi Arabia and the Gulf oil producers. They have already cut back production and restricted export to the U.S. Taking their pronouncements at face value, Aramco profits will be seriously reduced and the U.S. East Coast faced with a severe oil shortage this winter. The matter would be still more serious if the oil producers were to expand state control or shift allegiance to Japanese or Western European state and corporate power. There is no indication of any such moves, and if they were to take place, this would signal a major conflict within the capitalist world with unpredictable consequences.

There is little doubt that the regimes of the major oil-producing states would prefer to remain in the U.S. orbit (as, it appears, would Sadat). If the U.S. comes to the conclusion that the major premise of its policy is now "inoperative," it can move towards an alternative policy option, and, with Russian support, impose a settlement along the lines of UN Resolution 242 of November 1967. There is every reason to expect cooperation. The major goal of the USSR remains an international arrangement ("détente") under which it is free to control its imperial domains and suppress internal dissidence, while benefiting from badly needed trade and investment and adapting itself, in general, to the requirements of American global policy. If the U.S. moves in this direction, Israel will have no choice but to submit, abandoning the policy of creeping annexation.

To establish the validity of the premise that was the foundation of its policy and U.S. support for it, Israel had to win a quick and decisive victory. This it failed to do. The U.S. might therefore conclude that "Israel is no longer a suitable protector." One can imagine an imposed solution with a return of civil control to Egypt and perhaps Syria in occupied territories and a superpower guarantee of demilitarization, and perhaps a federation of parts of the West Bank (a "Palestinian entity") with Jordan, along the lines of Hussein's proposals.[15] For the Palestinians, the most tragic victims of the endless conflict, such a solution offers little. But it has long been clear that the rights and interests of the Palestinians are the concern of none of the contestants, apart from some inconsequential rhetoric. Every organized force in the region and the great powers as well will be more than pleased if the Palestinian plea for justice is stilled.

Such an outcome, essentially of the Latin American variety, seems not too unlikely. The basic logic of the approach would be support for reaction throughout the Arab world and continued suppression of the Palestinians and other disruptive forces. What would be the effect within Israel of such a shift in U.S. policy? Loss of the post-1967 élan would be the most likely immediate effect. Just before the Six Day War, the outlook within Israel was not overly optimistic. There was substantial emigration and an economic recession, since largely overcome by the expansion of war-

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related industry and the availability of a cheap labor force of Arabs. Arrangements of this sort might persist even after an imposed "Rogers Plan," and it is possible that with a shift to the right in Israeli politics, which should be welcome to the Nixon Administration, Israel could be incorporated into a U.S.-dominated alliance in the region as part of a general "peace settlement."

[NECESSARY SHOCKS]

It remains true that Israel is the most advanced technological society and the major military force in the region. Within Israel, in the short run, the hawks will appear to have won a major political victory. But it is hard to believe that it will last. Implicit in the Israeli policy of gaining security through strength is the expectation of repeated military confrontations, in each of which Israel is likely to prevail. Plainly the policy is suicidal in the long run, since Israel can lose only once; and the need to rely on a single superpower and to accept increasing international isolation is no less risky from the standpoint of security. Recent events simply show that "the long run" may not be so long as anticipated. The war was very costly and much more of a close call than anyone expected. The isolation of Israel and the U.S. was remarkable. Even Ethiopia broke diplomatic relations with Israel. Turkey is reported to have permitted Russian overflights; Greece and Spain refused to permit the use of bases for resupply; and other NATO powers were so uncooperative as to call forth a rebuke from the U.S. government. The handwriting seems to be on the wall, and only the hopelessly irrational will ignore it.

There are, in fact, some indications that Israel had begun to lose its advantage in technical rationality, a very serious matter. General Sharon's comments, cited above, are only one of many indications, which have been noted with dismay by sympathetic observers.[16] I believe that the growing irrationality and arrogance within some circles in Israel may be traced to the problem of living with the eternal contradiction of a "democratic Jewish state" with non-Jewish inhabitants, and since 1967, with a subject population in territories that were being gradually assimilated. Under such circumstances, it is natural that a doctrine of historic national mission will arise, accompanied by some form of master race ideology and the belief that the natives are better off under external control, incapable of acting in any effective way on their own. The recent war may well provide a shock to any such system of belief, just as it seems to have already had the complementary effect of reviving Arab confidence.

The war leaves the three societies that were directly engaged battered and wounded. Even more than before, they are subject to the will of external powers and dominated by reactionary forces within. It is likely that in the short run, at least, articulate groups will be still more firmly committed to the belief that only through military strength can their minimal demands be met. The domestic consequences of this commitment are plain. Unless other tendencies develop or the superpowers impose a solution by force, the stage will be set for another brutal episode with still more awesome weapons and still greater destruction. Even now, the contending states may well be better armed than before the outbreak of the conflict. Western analysts seem to agree that Israel has the capability to produce nuclear weapons; the head of the French Institute of National Defense asserts that it "certainly" possesses nuclear weapons.[17] Israel has long-range missiles that can carry nuclear warheads, and Sadat has claimed that Egypt possesses missiles of comparable range and probably similar character. In a moment of desperation, such weapons may well be used.

Quite apart from these dangers, the constellation of forces and the prevailing tendencies offer grim prospects for the people of the former Palestine. Yet their interests are perhaps not irreconcilable, and there is a slender hope that they may come to realize that the pursuit of their common interests, possibly in conflict with other regional or global powers, offers the best long-term hope for survival, as well as for a settlement that will satisfy the just demands of both peoples. This can only mean a program of socialist binationalism, which might take various forms. Realists on both sides will dismiss such possibilities, insisting that nations must organize themselves in a system of competing states for the purposes of mutual destruction and oppression. People who are willing to face reality may not be so sure. ■

Noam Chomsky's most recent publications are For Reasons of State *(Pantheon), and, with Edward Herman,* Counter-revolutionary Violence *(Warner Modular Publications).*

III. Crisis for NATO

America has lost Europe. The United States put its forces on a worldwide alert. Europe forbade it for U.S. forces on the Continent. The U.S. military base was instantly shrunken to its own territory and to the Azores and the decks of U.S. carrier task forces at sea.

This is the real meaning of events since October 22, 1973, the date of the Security Council resolution calling for a cease-fire in the Mideast. The preponderance of force represented by the U.S. and the USSR may have meant that in fact the resolution was a bilateral decision imposed upon the Council by the two superpowers. But Europe chose to view it otherwise, as a dictum of world law laid down by an international body capable of determining world law. As far as lay within its capacity, Europe was determined that the superpowers must bow to that statement of law. Uni-

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lateral decisions by the U.S. affecting the world would not be obeyed by Europe. Hence the worldwide alert of U.S. forces would not be allowed to apply to U.S. forces or materiel stationed on the Continent or in England. Europe was made unavailable to the U.S. as a forward attack base.

When the U.S. declared its alert, West Germany at first protested, then forbade the shipment of arms to Israel from the U.S. stockpile in Europe through the U.S.-forces port of Bremerhaven. It instructed the U.S. to desist from overflights of Germany or out of Germany. England ruled that U.S. military aircraft could not take off from, land upon, or overfly British territory, nor refuel or resupply in England.

As a result, U.S. forces in Europe were effectively frozen in place. Mobility was denied them except with Europe's permission. This made a mockery of the alert and denied to the U.S. its ability to act unilaterally. One cannot yet know how much U.S.-European relations have degenerated because of Europe's resistance. That they have been altered is certain, and this alteration has gone beyond disagreement over policy.

This is a truth which the American people have not yet grasped. Europe collectively informed the U.S. that Washington could *not* employ its forces stationed in Europe in ways which Europe interpreted as in violation of the Security Council decision nor in a confrontation with the Soviet Union about which Europe has not been consulted nor even informed. The alert, in fact, drove Europe into a unanimity which it had been Kissinger's intention to prevent. The Continental nations were to have been presented with a *fait accompli*—confrontation between the U.S. and the USSR, resting on the geography of the U.S. military position. Instead, Europe has (de facto) separated itself from U.S. military decisions. It has not necessarily emerged as a distinctly unified Third Force in the world, but has moved far in that direction.

What is certain is that the crumbling Cold War structure has now become an avalanche of political debris. NATO has been smothered beneath it—at least, the NATO which was an automatic instrument of U.S. policy. But is any other NATO feasible? For that matter, is the overwhelming might of the U.S., which we have all taken for granted, really overwhelming? Or does it depend, ultimately, upon the size, location, and role of U.S. forces in Europe?

Answers to these questions cannot immediately be given. But they are critical to the future of international politics generally and Atlantic politics in particular. The U.S. has four choices. It may maintain its military presence on Europe's terms. (This would negate the Kissinger Doctrine that the U.S. has global responsibilities and interests but Europe has only regional interests.) The U.S. could withdraw from Europe of its own initiative except for token forces. It could withdraw from Europe at Europe's demand. Or it could remain in Europe despite Europe's demand for withdrawal.

This last possibility is frighteningly dangerous. If the U.S. were to attempt to maintain a military presence on the Continent over the Continent's opposition, it would in fact be an invader. It is possible that the U.S. would have to face the massed forces of Europe, i.e., to fight its way in, or fight its way out.

The Europeans may be driven to one of the latter choices, for the U.S. has already risked Europe's physical survival in two ways. First, on the hypothesis that the military alert was genuine, it placed Europe on the brink of nuclear annihilation without so much as an "if you please." Second, by threatening to force a cut-off of Arabian oil supplies to Europe, it pointed a knife at Europe's economic jugular. As President Nixon has said, Europe could have frozen to death. The U.S. has become a very dangerous partner—and Europe has responded to this danger.

Because of Arabian cutbacks in petroleum output, member states of the European Economic Community have forbidden exportation of refined petroleum products by any EEC member to any country not an EEC member. This means that no Arabian or North African petroleum products flowing through European channels are now permitted to percolate to the U.S. The minimum reduction of oil supply to the U.S. is about 500,000 daily barrels in addition to direct reduction in supply to the U.S. from Arabian sources.

What is clear is that Europe, in moving towards its own security, has moved away from the United States towards a firmer recognition of its community of interests with the Arab countries. Europe may be dependent upon the U.S. for armed support in some ultimate Armageddon, but it is immediately dependent upon Arab oil for its current survival. Without Arab oil, European industry would grind to a halt within four months. Europe's choice has been dictated by realities which the Arab assault on Israeli forces forced into the open and which the Arabs had taken into account.

[CHALLENGING THE SUPERPOWERS]

In this sense, the Arabs have rescued Europe—and Israel—as well as themselves from the trap of super-power detente. For super-power detente was the real target of the Arab attack. The new cordiality between the Soviet Union and the United States was on terms not revealed to third nations, and about which they had not been consulted, and which, therefore, they could not but fear.

Egypt and Syria responded to the dilemma by utilizing Soviet armaments to provoke a situation which threatened to collapse the detente, and compelled the Soviet Union to define what detente intended—or could be made to intend—for the Arab world. And Israel, answering militarily with American arms and extending its operations westward beyond Suez, imposed exactly the same compulsion upon the U.S.

Hence the shock, to both the U.S. and the USSR, at the turn of events. No country, they had deluded themselves, especially their protégés, would dare to act before the permissible limits to their freedom of action were revealed by the unfolding terms of the detente. And none would venture to employ force to shape that detente into something other than had been planned by the superpowers.

By their willingness to wage unauthorized war, the Arabs forced recognition that the interests of the Arab States and Israel, and the intentions of both, must be factored into the international equation. This the U.S. and the USSR have sought to define privately. The Arabs inverted myth-

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ology. Odysseus has not blinded Polyphemus but has compelled him to see. The single-visioned Cyclopes of our era—the U.S. and the USSR—have been forced to try to view things in perspective, as difficult a feat for superpowers self-hypnotized by military strength as for the one-eyed giants of fable. And the world is changed thereby.

Detente, henceforth, cannot be a private mutuality between the U.S. and the USSR on the one hand and between the U.S. and China on the other, with the U.S. serving as broker between the Communist powers. Whatever detente evolves into, it can no longer be the cosy, private rearranging of the world that had been contemplated.

For the Arabs this is a political victory of extraordinary magnitude, even taking into account the fact that Egypt has conceded Israeli sovereignty in the process. Though the Arab victory involves a crucial concession by Egypt, it involves two other factors of world importance. First is the almost total unity of the Arab States, based upon their ability to supply or withhold the petroleum without which Europe and Japan simply cannot function as industrial societies, and in whose absence the United States would suffer major dislocations, including the unemployment of perhaps 12-14 million people. Second is an even greater concession forced upon the U.S.

The U.S., unilaterally and outside the machinery of the United Nations, had demanded a cease-fire on terms involving the return of Arab and Israeli forces to the 1967 cease-fire lines. In effect, this meant that Egypt and Syria had to concede the *de facto* boundaries of 1967 as the *de jure* boundaries of Israel, Jordan, Syria, and Egypt. In an expansive mood, the U.S. backed this position with an emergency appropriation of over $2 billion to replenish Israeli arms lost in the fighting. It announced that Israel would not be allowed to suffer defeat nor even stalemate.

Arab unity, however, and the threat to withhold petroleum from world markets (what the *New York Times* predictably termed "oil blackmail") put paid to this. Resupply of Israeli arms was not interrupted but the issue of the peace was taken out of the hands of the U.S. and forced into the forum of the Security Council. For Arab unity was promising world chaos if the aggression against Arab countries continued. World industry was only weeks away from paralysis if Arabian oil ceased to flow. And nine Arab states had begun to reduce oil exports, led by Saudi Arabia with an initial ten percent cutback in production—and a total embargo on oil shipments to the U.S. whether directly or indirectly through third countries.

There was a risk, of course, that the U.S. and its allies would respond militarily. In fact, in anticipation of the possible reduction of Arab oil supplies, Joseph Luns, Secretary General of NATO, warned on October 14 that the cessation of Arab oil supplies to the West ". . . would come very close to a hostile act." NATO, this could be interpreted, might intervene with armed force if the Arabs united to wield the strongest weapon in their arsenal. Luns' threat, however, did not get the support of the rest of Europe. Britain, for example, ceased all arms supply to the Mideast belligerents, which meant refusing to resupply Israel with tanks and aircraft. EEC member nations moved away from Luns' position, making it clear that he spoke for himself alone, not for NATO as a whole and certainly not for Europe. And the Arabs forbade further shipments of petroleum to the Netherlands, Luns' country, under the pretext that Holland was a major transshipment point of Arabian oil to the U.S. The move was actually to force Amsterdam to curb Luns and to temper pro-Israeli sentiments.

[DOING THE UNTHINKABLE]

Invasion of Arabia was nevertheless imminent, and the shipment of arms by the U.S. to Israel was an excellent screen behind which the U.S. could build up military supplies in Israel for an invasion of the Arabian Peninsula, especially with the movement of the U.S. Sixth and Seventh Fleets toward the Persian Gulf. It was assumed that the Arab States would capitulate. But they did not. Instead they tightened the screws. And, quietly, the impression spread throughout the West that, if U.S. or NATO forces attacked Arab States, the Arabians would destroy their oil wells, pipelines, and refineries. The United West could overrun Arabia with ease—to their own self-destruction. For such victory by the West would involve prostration of the social systems of Europe and Japan and grievous injury to the United States before restoration of oil production and transport could be accomplished.

The Arabs had done the unthinkable. They had actually put principle before money—which makes them, henceforth, an unpredictable factor in a world which has always been predicated on the supremacy of cash over all other considerations.

It worked. The U.S. had, in political fact, rejected the Security Council Resolution 242 adopted November 22, 1967, which had demanded "Withdrawal of Israeli armed forces from territories occupied in the recent [1967] conflict" as well as ". . . for acknowledgment of the sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence of every state [including Israel] in the area and their right to live in peace within secure and recognized boundaries free from threats or acts of force." U.S. policy had been to permit Resolution 242 (1967) to die by desuetude and the territories seized by Israel to become legal possessions of Israel by use and custom. The Arabian intention—no mere threat—to cut off, and if necessary destroy, the world's essential oil resources if the world allowed this U.S. policy to succeed, thwarted U.S. designs. The Arabs forced the U.S. to return the issue to the Security Council to try to find some way to escape the trap the world had now set for itself.

It was the U.S. which was driven to take the initiative in returning the issue to the Security Council, and in seeking Soviet cooperation to solve the problem. This was exactly what the Arabs had planned: no quiet arrangements by the detente partners, arrived at in secrecy, but a reconsideration of the entire Mideast question openly and formally by the Security Council in full light of day and before private agreements had hardened into something irrefragable.

The Arabs succeeded, whatever the cost in human lives. For they created circumstances requiring joint Soviet-U.S. action in the Security Council, i.e., they forced detente out into the open and compelled the realities of the oil-based power of Arabia to be taken into account. By this very fact,

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they altered the detente and its terms.

On October 22, 1973, a joint U.S.-Soviet resolution was adopted by the Security Council reversing the U.S.'s recent stance. Paragraph 2 of the resolution called upon ". . . the parties concerned to start immediately after the cease-fire the implementation of Security Council Resolution 242 in all its parts" including Israeli withdrawal from Sinai and Golan.

Thus, by joint U.S.-Soviet initiative the Security Council has reaffirmed that Israeli occupation of Sinai and Golan is an aggression.

It has also reaffirmed that, whatever the justice or injustice of the original establishment of the State of Israel, the U.S. and the USSR are in agreement that Israel as a nation shall not be permitted to be destroyed. Contrary to statements by Golda Meir, this had been the consistent posture of the Soviet Union. Consequently, the USSR has made no substantial compromise in its support of the U.S. in the Security Council 1973 cease-fire resolution. It is the U.S. which has compromised. For it has made a basic concession in reaffirming Resolution 242, i.e., in abandoning its recognition of the Suez Canal and the Golan Heights as factual, hence legitimate, boundaries of Israel.

The Arab-Israeli issue is momentous, its implications more far-reaching than appear on the surface. The fate of Israel and the territorial limits of the Arab States are obviously important. That detente is at risk is self-evident, and that enormous financial interests are at stake need not be repeated. Great these questions may be. But they are trivial compared with the fact that the very survival of a civilization based on petroleum as an energy source is at issue.

[COMPROMISE OR CHAOS]

It is now accepted by everybody that the Arab States would not hesitate to destroy their oil resources if invaded by major powers and that, excepting the Soviet Union, China, the United States and Canada, the highly developed industrial civilizations could not survive protracted interruption of Arabian oil supplies. The amounts involved approximate today 18 million daily barrels of oil exports on which Japan is almost totally, Europe principally, and the United States significantly dependent. Japan would collapse altogether, Europe fall into chaos, and the United States into depression if these supplies ceased. (Arab oil supplies to the U.S. constitute about 11 percent of the present daily consumption.)

This, however, does not tell the whole story. Export trade would cease as overseas civilizations collapsed. imports of all sorts of materials would be almost impossible as shipping slowed down or halted. Electric power might cease to be attainable in some areas. The least effect would be necessity of introducing wartime-type controls, including perhaps military government of some segments of the country. America would survive, no doubt. But what kind of America? And what would be its role in the international chaos around it?

This is the heart of the matter. The industrial civilizations of Europe, Asia, and the Americas are not vital to Arabia. The Arabs could survive without them. But the industrial civilizations could not survive without the oil of Arabia. Hence the general detestation of the Arabs by the world at large—and the emotional need of the "advanced" peoples to regard the Arabs as incapable of fighting, undisciplined, and lacking in purpose. These are attributes which the industrialized peoples *need* to read into the Arab character, in order to justify their long-range expectation of a necessary seizure of Arabia's resources. For invasion of the despised is somehow imbued with morality, and the moral stance must be built up if invasion is an expected option.

The dilemma of the advanced nations (the beggar nations if one views them from the perspective of oil resources) is that successful invasion is not feasible unless the world outside Arabian and North African oil-bearing areas build up at least six to twelve months reserve supply of crude and refined petroleum. A two to three month supply is insufficient, because Arabian production could not be restored in that period if the Arabs truly adopted a scorched-earth policy to meet an invasion.

Is it possible that it is exactly this that the U.S. had in mind in its pressure on Saudi Arabia to increase its oil output from 8 million barrels per day to 20 million? And is it this perception that has led Saudi Arabia to refuse to do this unless political terms are factored into the question of increased supply of Arabian oil to the U.S.? The answer is probably affirmative to both questions. And this raises a sharper issue.

Once the 1973 Mideast crisis is over, strategic planning over the region will begin anew—including Arab planning. This involves all sorts of estimates and calculations. For example, what is America ultimately prepared to pay for increased Arab oil imports? Not pay in terms of price per barrel although this is an obvious question. But pay politically and in terms of policy. Can America, with the prospect of needing to increase oil imports to 50 percent of daily consumption in the years ahead, be induced slowly to reverse its pro-Israeli stand? Or will the Soviet Union, to keep the U.S. off base (detente or no) move decisively towards accommodation with Israel if Arabia agrees to meet U.S. petroleum needs? Again, one cannot predict. It is sufficient that these are possibilities.

What grows obvious is that the world which clearly had grown very complicated a few weeks ago has grown more complicated still. What is going to be needed as this complication increases is what is manifestly and perhaps, in the realm of international affairs, inevitably, absent: ordinary goodwill among human beings. Instead, what the future promises is a sequence of power plays, each more dangerous than the last, and each reducing the likelihood of a goodwill settlement. The basic problem is less that politicians pursue power than that they do not know what power is. Not all the armies of all the nations of all the world can make one individual say "yes" who is determined to say "no." The politicians had better reflect upon this now, before they have to do so amid the rubble and chaos to which their misconceptions of power may bring us all. ■

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IV. Saudi Arabia: The Wild Card

In this Mideast war, as in 1967, Egypt and Syria were the Arab states most deeply involved in military operations against Israel and in the Byzantine negotiations that followed. What had changed, however, was that when these negotiations were over they no longer represented the leading political force in the Arab world. Once Arab states were determined to use the fear not only of an energy crisis but of an energy catastrophe as a weapon in their post-war diplomacy, it was clear that the leading political force in the Arab world was now Saudi Arabia.

Saudi Arabia occupies 4/5 of the Arabian peninsula and has about half of its 11 million people. Founded in the 1920s by the purist Islamic Wahabis, a tribal coalition led by the Saudi tribes, it united the majority of the Arabian peninsula under one rule for the first time since Mohammad in the 7th century. It is today the most retrogressive state in the world. A special religious police enforces observance of the Koranic code: women are still banned from driving, prisoners are forced to read holy books for several hours a day, those convicted in the courts are publicly flogged and executed. Up to a third of the population is nomadic and the great majority is still illiterate. No unions, no opposition press, no political parties of any kind are allowed. All power is in the hands of the leading male members of the Saudi family, and the country has the dubious distinction of being the only state in the world to be named after its ruling family.

This anachronistic confection would have foundered long ago but for the aid of the United States. Whereas Britain intervened in the Mideast to preserve long-established regimes or create new pro-imperialist ones, the U.S. gained its first major foothold through a convenient alliance with the Saudi regime, one Arab state that did not owe its existence to colonialism in any way. After the Saudi state established itself in the 1920s, it underwent a severe economic crisis during the world slump because it lost its main source of revenue, income from the Muslim pilgrimage or *hajj*. King Ibn Saud turned to U.S. oil firms: for $120,000 in gold he granted an oil concession to Standard Oil of California (Socal) which joined with Esso, Texaco and Mobil to form the Arabian American Oil Company. Aramco's exploration began in eastern Arabia and by 1938 production of Saudi oil commenced.

When Saudi oil exports were blocked by the outbreak of World War II, Ibn Saud turned again to the U.S. for the $10 million a year he needed to run his fief. Socal officials asked Roosevelt to provide Saudi Arabia with funds. "We believe that unless this is done, and soon, this independent kingdom, and perhaps with it the entire Arab world, will be thrown into chaos," they said. Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt's assistant, urged that money be provided, although it was, he said, hard to "call that outfit a 'democracy.'"

In 1943, Washington authorities decided that "the defense of Saudi Arabia is vital to the defense of the United States," and lend-lease aid was provided. A U.S. military mission arrived to train Saud's nomadic army, and the USAF began construction of an airfield at Dhahran, near the oil-producing areas, giving the U.S. a major field independent of the British positions at Cairo and Abadan and the largest base between Germany and Okinawa.

King Ibn Saud met Roosevelt briefly in February 1945 aboard a U.S. warship in the Red Sea and in March Saudi Arabia declared belated war on the Axis powers. While in the immediate aftermath of war U.S.-Saudi relations were strained by the first big "Arab oil scare" within U.S. politics, U.S. aid continued, and by 1947 the Saudis had received an estimated $100 million in U.S. support. By 1950 Aramco had finished the $200 million Tapline oil pipeline which brought Saudi oil to the Mediterranean for use by the Sixth Fleet, among others, and in 1951 had built King Ibn Saud a prestige railway from the oil export port of Dammam to the Saudi capital of Riyadh. Aramco also advised and trained pro-Saudi dissidents who were challenging British rule in the neighboring Sultanate of Oman.

[BULWARK OF REACTION]

After Ibn Saud's death in 1953 and as Arab nationalism grew, U.S.-Saudi relations went through a period of tension. When the Saudis brought in Aristotle Onassis to try to make themselves independent of American tankers, the U.S. government began to probe some of the Greek shipowner's financial affairs and Aramco took the Saudi government to court. In 1954 Saudi Arabia refused to accept U.S. aid, complaining that the $4.1 million allocated was too small in comparison to aid given to Israel. When the Dhahran base agreement expired in 1956, the Saudis renewed it only on a month-by-month basis. However, after the Suez crisis, and the U.S. attempt to woo Arab conservatives through the Eisenhower doctrine, the new King Saud visited Washington and was given special treatment. For the first time in his period in office, Eisenhower went to the airport to welcome a visiting foreign head of state. U.S. officials in the UN blocked antislavery conventions that would have upset the Saudis. And at Congressional hearings on the Eisenhower Doctrine, U.S. ambassador to Saudi Arabia George Wadsworth told his listeners that King Saud was "a good king . . . who has the welfare of his people primarily in mind."

Following this visit, Saudi Arabia agreed to renew the Dhahran base for five years, and the United States agreed to double the Saudi army from its 15,000 level and re-equip it with U.S. weaponry. In 1958 the Saudis received a $25 million Foreign Assistance Act grant. When King Saud proved incompetent and wasteful, a new leader, Prince Feisal, emerged from palace maneuvering with U.S. backing. Saud had been ousted by Feisal, who proceeded to transform Saudi Arabia into a bulwark against revolutionary nationalism. Although the U.S. formally evacuated the Dhahran air base in 1962, American jets and para-

by Fred Halliday

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troopers were brought back into the country in 1963 when Egyptian forces fighting in North Yemen appeared to threaten Saudi defenses. Saudi defense expenditure then rose, reaching $383 million in 1971, or nine percent of the nation's GNP. By 1972 Saudi Arabia had a well-equipped army of 36,000 men, an air force of 3,500 and around 70 combat aircraft.

This military buildup enabled the Saudis both to crush all internal opposition and to dominate the surrounding states. Economic development of a certain kind did take place with the new post-1962 regime and with the rise in oil revenues. Even the participation agreement of 1972, which will give the Saudis 51 percent control of oil production by 1983, was seen by oil minister Yamani as a strengthening of cooperation between the U.S. and Saudi Arabia. Throughout the postwar period all opposition has been crushed. Several times troops have entered the oil fields of Aramco to arrest and murder dissident employees. Following the revolution in North Yemen in 1962, a series of armed attacks took place within the country. In one wave, lasting from November 1966 to February 1967, an opposition group claimed to have blown up several Aramco installations, the U.S. military headquarters at the Zahrat ash-Sharq Hotel in Riyadh, and parts of two royal palaces. Seventeen people were publicly shot after these attempts.

U.S.-armed Jordan and Ethiopia play their own counter-revolutionary role within their state boundaries. Iran has the largest armed forces in the area and now dominates the waters of the Gulf, has small military missions in Oman and North Yemen, and has threatened to invade both its neighbors—Iraq and Pakistan. But the major intervener on the Arab side of the Gulf is Saudi Arabia. Before the 1967 war, the Saudis were backing the North Yemeni royalists in their war against Egyptian troops, and were drumming up an Islamic Pact of conservative Arab monarchies to counter Nasser. Since 1967 this policy has expanded: today Saudi money helps finance the Sultan of Oman's war against the guerrillas in Dhofar; Saudi troops have been used to menace Iraq in its dispute with Kuwait; while Saudi finance is used to support right-wing trends in Lebanon and Egypt.

In North Yemen, U.S. and Saudi interests coincide in a vicious new interventionist game, because bordering the North is South Yemen, the most militant state in the Arab world and the base for the revolutionary movements in Oman and the oil-producing states. South Yemen is rightly called the Cuba of the Middle East and has, since the British were driven out in 1967, played a vigorous internationalist role. Saudi Arabia has never recognized South Yemen and since 1969 she, and the U.S., have been plotting to destroy the revolutionary regime in Aden.

In a series of underpublicized Bay-of-Pigs-type operations, dissident South Yemeni exiles and freelancers from elsewhere have been hurled against the borders of the South from North Yemen and from Saudi Arabia. In September 1972 a full-fledged invasion attempt, backed and armed by Libya and Saudi Arabia, tried to smash through from North Yemen to Aden and was defeated. Among documents captured in this war were instructions from a planning committee in Saudi Arabia which included the Saudi Minister of the Interior, the Saudi Finance Ministers and an unnamed "American Military Representative" who approved the plans to go ahead with the invasion attempt. Large quantities of U.S. arms and transport, supplied via Saudi Arabia, have been found with the attacking forces, and deserters have reported seeing U.S. military advisers at the huge ash-Sharura complex just inside Saudi Arabia from which some of the Saud-based border attacks have come.

[THE TASTE OF POWER]

The fourth Arab-Israeli war came at a time when a number of different trends were converging in a manner disturbing to the U.S. Because of the surprise Arab offensive, the crisis came to a head far sooner than most people expected. Earlier in 1973 there had been a series of disconnected events—growing panic about energy, rumors of Saudi investment in the U.S., rumors of U.S. pressure on Israel, and disputes about the sale of new U.S. arms to Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. The latter question, which blew up in May-June, revealed in crudest fashion the contradictions of U.S. policy: what could be used to attack South Yemen could also be used, it was argued, to attack Israel.

On top of this debate came the question of a possible U.S. invasion of the oil-producing areas in the event of U.S. supplies being threatened. In May William Fulbright warned of "an ominous possible scenario for the years just ahead" in which the U.S. might be tempted to overwhelm the weak oil producers. And despite State Department denials, it was evident that a U.S. task force could occupy the relatively small and compact oil-producing parts of Saudi Arabia, especially since the Dhahran air field was already there. In August this speculation received added authority when 9,000 U.S. marines went on maneuvers in the Mojave Desert, in a simulated desert war.

Meanwhile, the Arab-Israeli dispute was also coming to a head. Diplomatic journalism indicates that there were hopes of the increased Arab bargaining power plus Kissinger-induced world detente leading to a peaceful settlement. At the same time King Feisal was by July voicing his "impatience" at U.S. policy towards Israel, and was saying it would be "difficult" to continue cooperation. And the Egyptians were calculating that previous policies of waiting for the U.S. to push Israel had failed, and they believed that a decisive military shock, whatever its results, would be needed to get a real great power change.

As it turned out, the Saudis adopted a moderate stand. They did not send their jets to fight the Israelis—only a token infantry force. Nor did they cut off oil altogether: they merely cut off exports to the U.S.—a mere 3.4 percent of U.S. consumption—while U.S. firms in Aramco were able to continue exporting oil to Europe, Japan, etc., and to continue drawing their profits. The Saudis did not use their financial reserves to put monetary pressure on the West, and in the midst of the war Foreign Minister Saqqaf stood with Nixon on the White House lawn, lauding him as a man of peace. Yet they had tasted independence, and power as well, and as they saw the hysteria caused by their threats to withhold oil, it was hard to tell how far they would go. ■

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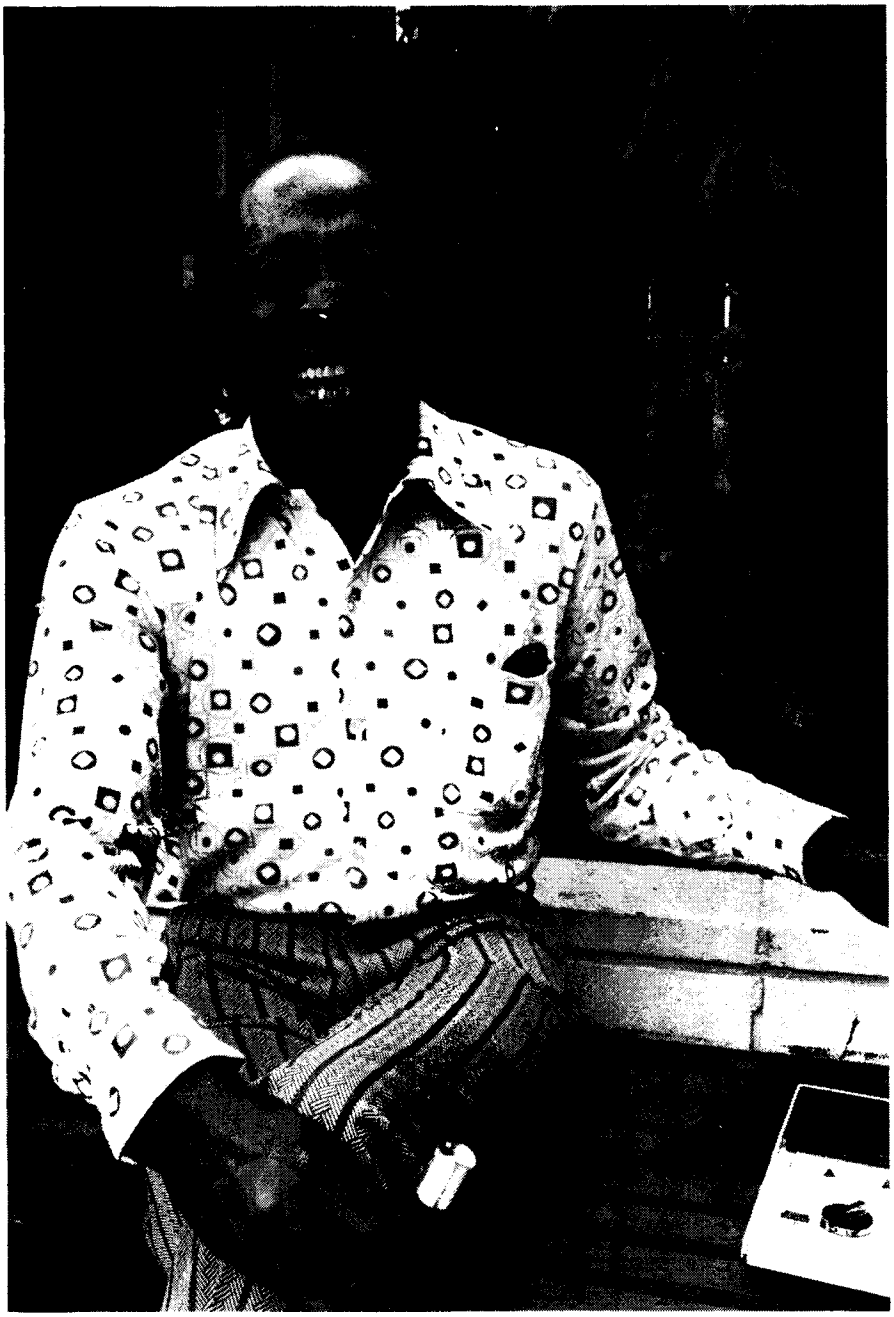
Louis Jordan:



Ellen Mandel

"Still Feeling *Good*"

Drink some beer and be of good cheer!" Louis Jordan stood on the dimly lit stage of Ruthie's Inn. Before him was a crowded floor of dancers, beyond them seated drinkers, and behind him his band, the Tympany Five, putting a rolling groove behind his litany of good advice.

"Have a shot of whisky and you'll feel frisky," said Jordan, emptying an imaginary glass and kicking up his heels. "A glass of gin, and the fun begins."

"That's right, Louis," someone shouted out from a corner table.

The band's tenor sax player, Irv Cox, came up beside Jordan and mock-whispered in his ear. "Say, Louis, see that lady down there at the table by the light. No, not that one, the next one, yeah, her. Lay the next one on her."

Jordan leaned out over the stage, pulling the mike after him. "Hey, lady, I'm talking to you, yes, *you,* honey—have some vodka and do what you ought not to." The lady dissolved in giggles and the place roared. "And this is for that lucky man beside you—have some tequila and feel her."

That capped it, and over the laughter his voice sang out, "Oh, yeah, let the good times roll, let the good times roll, don't matter if you're young or old, get yourself together and let the good times roll." He put his alto sax to his lips and, with Cox, played a swiftly intricate unison figure that brought the song to a close. "All right," said Jordan. A small man with a broad chest and tapering legs, he was dressed in maroon—dark maroon tie and slacks, a lighter maroon shirt, and a jacket that contrasted the two colors in a bold herringbone pattern. Piano player Duke Burrell wore bright white slacks; the other bandsmen (besides Cox: bassist Dave Dyson and drummer Archie Taylor) were in maroon suits slightly more subdued than their leader's.

"Everybody enjoying themselves?" Jordan called out. The crowd's answer left no room for doubt. He asked for a quick tempo with two snaps of his wrist, and the Tympany Five stepped into an irresistably swinging blues. "The blues, that's me," Jordan said the next day in an interview, "but not the mournful blues, the crying blues, but blues for feeling *good,* you know? Jokes, something funny, I always like in my music. There's so many songs to sing and play, but I've always done best with ones that had something in it to make you laugh. Sometimes when I want to try something different, my fans hardly let me, they like my humorous things so much."

Two weeks before that summer weekend at Ruthie's Inn on San Pablo Avenue in Berkeley, California, Louis Jordan had turned 65. Over 30 years before he had founded the Tympany Five and begun a career as a bandleader and headlined singer-saxophone player. From the war years to the

by Michael Lydon

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early '50s he was a recording star who scored with one hit 78-rpm record after another, several of them million sellers. "Caledonia," "Let the Good Times Roll," and "Beware," all of which he helped write, became oft-recorded classics. He also hit with "Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens," "Choo Choo Ch' Boogie," and "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby." These, and others, are available on one of Jordan's two LPs currently in the Decca catalogue, *Louis Jordan's Greatest Hits.*

Sometimes the five pieces include two saxes, on others sax and trumpet, or sax and electric guitar; at all times they cook. Jordan's tempos are rockingly solid, his groove deeply relaxed. Each lyric paints a comic picture drawn straight from life. No one who has ever heard of Caledonia with her "big head so hard" and her long lanky figure ("ain't nothing to eat") has ever forgotten her. On "Let the Good Times Roll" Jordan says to have fun "you gotta spend some cash," but he's only got "50 cents more than I'm gonna keep." The hero of "Saturday Night Fish Fry" is having a fine time at a party until the place is raided and he's thrown into the paddy wagon like a "potato in a sack." After that, "Don't you mention the word fish to me! . . . But it was rockin'!" "Beware" is aimed at the fellows; the message —watch out for the woo-some female. When she starts acting sweet and nice, "beware, brother, beware." If she wants to sit way back in the balcony at the movies, "Take her down front," but "if she don't put up a fight when you turn out the light, then she's got you, you're hooked."

The compact precision of the ensemble playing gives Jordan's voice the accented solo place. The lyrics have the polish of pop and novelty tunes, and Jordan sings them with a zesty realism. The sum is lively, down-to-earth music that strikes the mind, heart, and funnybone with invigorating effect. Produced by Milt Gabler and released as single 78 discs, they sold strongly in all markets. "Me and Bing Crosby," said Louis Jordan, "we made Decca Records."

Jordan was a phenomenon in the 1940s—a bluesman making smash hits for a major record company. How? With a small flexible group that backed up pop vocals with crisply delivered funk. "I had no competition," Jordan said, "because no one else was trying to do what I was doing." Not for long; by doing what he did, Jordan opened a new musical avenue. While small combos of be-bop musicians took jazz further into instrumental virtuousity, Jordan and subsequent pop-blues groups played to create more drama for the story created by the vocal. By 1950 Jerry Wexler, then a writer for *Billboard* who admired Gabler's production style, had coined the term "rhythm and blues" and given the new idiom a chart of its own. No one else came up with the same blend of pop, jazz, and blues that Jordan did, but he showed it could be done. Chuck Berry, Ray Charles, Bo Diddley, and John Lee Hooker have all credited the influence of Jordan's sound (and the inspiration of his success with it) when they were starting their performing careers. In the *Greatest Hits* LP I hear a germ kernal of the vocal-plus-horns-plus-rhythm sound of so many dance songs and blues ballads by Sam Cooke, B. B. and Albert King, Otis Redding, James Brown, Aretha Franklin, and many, many more.

In his final set that night at Ruthie's Inn, Jordan did manage to squeeze in some of the new songs he likes to do: the Temptation's "Ain't No Woman Like the One I Got" and Kris Kristofferson's "Help Me Make It Through the Night." He also did "Alice Blue Gown," "Blueberry Hill," and a beautiful ballad with the refrain, "I believe in love, I believe in music." Then "Caledonia" one more time, accenting his shouts of her name by kicking his right leg high into the air. His sax solos were short and sweet. Duke Burrell was dazzling on piano. "Yeah, he's *good*," said Jordan with a happy smile, "He's from New Orleans, been with me six months. To get him, well, you might say I *stole* him." Two o'clock rolled around and no one wanted to go home. The dancers were still clapping as the Tympany Five began to put their instruments back in their cases.

The next morning about 11:30 a photographer and I met Jordan in the lobby of his motel, the Berkeley House on University Avenue. He seemed thoroughly rested from his three long sets the night before, and if he looked slightly older offstage than on, in conversation he was as cheery and voluble as his music. For over an hour he talked about his life, the people he had met and played with, the high points and some of the low ones. A chuckle was never far from his lips, and many times he slapped his knee or mine at the pleasure of a memory or to make a point. What follows is his story as he told it.

["PEOPLE *ENJOY* MY MUSIC"]

I was born in Brinkley, Arkansas, a small town between Little Rock and Memphis, in 1908. An only child. I started getting interested in music when I was about six years old and started professionally about 14 or 15 when I went to Hot Springs, my first job with a group, playing the clarinet. Later, when the sax got popular, I took up that. My first sax was a C-melody, then I developed myself to playing all the saxophones, learned flute, and kept playing the clarinet. Ten years ago I dropped them all and just played alto.

In Hot Springs I played with Ruby Williams' band, a five-piece band, same as today. That's maybe the reason I tried a five-piece band myself. I was there two or three years, then started going on the road with the Rabbit's Foot Minstrels. They were very popular. I'd go with them on vacation time out of school til the middle of August. The minstrels put up a tent, like a circus, and do the show from a platform. We had our own car on the train to carry the tent and the people to put it up. After they got the tent up we'd make a parade through the town, put on the show that night, then pack up the tent and go to the next town. We travelled sometimes two or three hundred miles. All over the South—as far up as St. Louis and as far down as Florida. I had a specialty. You remember you heard somebody say the Charleston was famous? Well, I had used to win contests doing the Charleston, so I did the Charleston on the show. I got $17 a week, a whole lot of money. I got my food and berth in the car, the $17 was clear. And at night, the show was over by about 11 o'clock, so after we played dances in the town with eight or nine pieces

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from the 23-piece show band. We'd split $150 a week from the dances, so that was on top. I'd have plenty of money to go back to college.

I didn't finish college, to junior year, then my parents were ill, so I stayed to help at home. When the family got straight, I decided to take up music as a career. Then I started to really learn how to play. My father had taught me the clarinet. He was the leader of a band in Brinkley. I figured that if I was going to start out on my own, I'd have to be able to play with anybody, so I studied music, reading and rehearsing six, seven hours a day. Spent my whole time at it. When I left home I was ready.

First I decided I'd go to New York, and I got as far as Philadelphia and got scared. I really did. This was about 1928-29, and I stayed in Philadelphia for two and a half years. I played with Charley Gaines' Orchestra. I sang, danced, did everything. ((Chuckle)) I've never stopped, never stopped doing my thing, as they call it now. Then I decided to take the chance to go to New York. I still had it in mind that I would like to have a band of my own. I stayed in New York through the union's six month waiting period, playing gigs on weekends. I heard Ambrose's Band from London, and he used tympani. I had a day job then, and I saved up my money and bought me some tympani. That was the start. I had a drummer, and he took lessons from a guy that was playing in the Philharmonic, and he learned how to use it like I wanted to use it. Added the rest of the pieces, then we rehearsed months and months, and finally got a job, at the Elk's Rendezvous at 134th and Lenox Avenue, "Louis Jordan and the Tympany Five." Six weeks with no day off, and then we had one week off with pay. I stayed in the Rendezvous for a couple of years.

We did original tunes, we did every song that came out. We were on the Round the Town radio show, had 30 minutes on that. See, before I got a band, I knew what I wanted to do with it. I wanted to give my whole life to making people *enjoy* my music, make you laugh and smile, so I didn't stick to what you'd call jazz, to instrumentals. Song writers would bring me songs with jokes to them. I have always stuck to that, entertainment.

["I DID *EVERYTHING*"]

I started to record in 1942. I was with Chick Webb, and he was with Decca, and one day we were in the studio, and I did a couple of tunes with him and with Ella, so he said, "Why don't you do a tune by yourself?" I found "Rusty Hinge." I did very well, got lots of publicity. At that time, too, I played the soprano saxophone. Sidney Bechet was popular playing the soprano, so I bought one and learned to play it real good. One time he went back to Europe, and I took his place in that band, I can see the name but can't seem to say it, it was a society band, the guy never played music, he just directed. He played the Waldorf, never played too much for blacks, he played white places—Noble Sissle, that's the name.

Yes, I had five million sellers. "Choo Choo Ch' Boogie," "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby," "Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens," "Caledonia," and "Beware." I had those tunes *first*, a few other fellas you may have heard doing them, they had 'em *after* me! "Caledonia"—I helped write it, but the name on it was my first wife. I didn't write under my own name 'cause I was signed up with another publishing company, so I put her name on it, Fleecie Moore. Like on "Good Times Roll." Ha, she didn't know anything about music. Back then I toured, 40 or 50 one-nighters in a row down South at cotton-picking time and tobacco time. I was young then, I could take it, then it got to me. Three hundred miles a day, too much for me. I haven't played a one-nighter in so long.

When I started they called it race music. What stopped race music was that the white disc jockeys wouldn't play it. They wouldn't play the original sound which was maybe one guitar and singing out of tempo. Generally a black artist at that time would either stick to the blues or do pop. I did *everything*. I played just as many white places as I did colored places. We made more money playing for white people than for colored. I was in the "good time artist" field. The agency my manager, Berle Adams, was with, GAC, they frowned on me having a little band because they said people don't go out to hear 25 or 30 pieces or five pieces, they go to hear an individual. If he is performing the band is incidental. Of course, I admit that the music of a big band is listenable, lots of pieces make nice arrangement, but if you're going to hear somebody, you say, "I'm going to hear Louis Jordan," and you wouldn't care if I had 15, 20, 30 or five or three pieces. You came to see me. The spotlight is on me.

I knew what to do with a little band. For a few years they persuaded me to try a big band. I threw away a hundred thousand dollars fooling around with that. The public didn't want me to have it. I'd play a place, and they'd say, "Bring the Tympany Five out." Bill Doggett was my arranger with the big band. See, at the time I wanted to play hotels, and if I could have put a big band together, the Carter Hotel chain offered a job to me, but I couldn't get the musicians. Some of them didn't want to play pop, rhumbas and things, they wanted to play contemporary jazz, so I finally disbanded and went back to five pieces.

I now live in Los Angeles. I moved there from Phoenix. I lived there for 17 years and I tried to stay 'cause I love that town more than any in the whole world, but I couldn't make no money there. So I moved back here, met my wife, and settled down. I came to San Francisco, my second choice for a town, but travelling around on the road I had got some arthritis, and San Francisco is too damp for me. I'd wake up aching. I stayed in San Francisco for a couple of years and even in July and August, oh, it's so cold and damp. So we moved down south. I work about six months of the year now. I space it. If I work three or four weeks and I don't get tired, well, I'll keep on going, but when I start to get tired, I lay off for a month, get rested up, and start again. That keeps me from going to an early grave, we call it.

Yeah, they were dancing last night. I've always had 'em dancing. I had the tempo. That's what I try to do. I start dancing on the bandstand so I can get the right tempo. In 1954 Decca asked me, see, they had Bill Haley, they asked me to get on to that rock thing, you know, with a big beat. They wanted me to honk on a big tenor so

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I'd stay on top with this new thing. But, hah, I was a little old for all that excitement all over again. I had had it ten, fifteen years before, but then I was more than 45, so I said no thanks, I'll keep on as I am.

["ALL THE BIG BANDS"]

Nat "King" Cole, he wasn't competition with me, he was in another field, the pop field. I helped to start him to sing. They used to have just an instrumental trio. We worked together in the Capitol Lounge in Chicago. I told him to stop playing all them things. I had a tune that he recorded and it sold big, "Hit that Jive, Jack." I used to do that on this show, we did 30 minutes a piece. I said, "Man, do this tune, start singing." He started singing from then on, more and more. His instrumentals were fantastic. He could play some piano. Later on the piano got to be a crutch. He could stand up and sing and forget the piano.

Charles Brown, I didn't run into him a lot. I played opposite him at a club in Florida. That's the only time I was near him. But he was recording around in the same field as me, except for the happy things, he didn't do that. He did blues, blues ballads they called it. Songwriters brought me stuff like "Safe, Sane, and Single." I did that and it was country and western. I was in Omaha, Nebraska, and a white boy brought me this tune, and he said, "I believe you can do this." I looked at it and said, "Yes, I can!" It was a big record for me. Ray Charles, he did a lot of my things. His first recordings were my tunes. "Good Times Roll," yeah, but before that. He was born in Florida and recorded with a little company down there, and he did "Choo Choo Ch' Boogie." Sam Cooke, I loved him. I used to go hear him, but I never played with him. He was on his way to a billion dollars when he got killed. Great artist. He had just done SRO at the Copacabana. I had bought his last album, he did an album at the club.

[Jordan stopped to wipe his eyes which were tearing in the hazy-bright sunlight.] Me and my bad eyes! If you had spotlights shining in your eyes all your life, whew, I'm telling you, it's something. Yes, Sam Cooke, a great stylist. If you hear him you wouldn't think that it was anybody else. You'd say, "This is Sam Cooke." Ah, but there was one individual, Tiny Bradshaw. He was my favorite entertainer that never got big. He wrote some hit tunes and was one of the great performers of my time, but he never got over the hill. It's fate. He got to the top of the ladder and didn't step over. "Jersey Bounce" was one of his tunes. All the big bands, all the little bands played it. He wrote a few instrumentals that sold millions, but I can't remember their names. He's been dead five or six years. Talk about tempos! He could come in a place, start doing like this. [Jordan stomped his feet alternately on the floor.] That was his famous thing. He'd do that in a tempo, and first thing you know everybody's doing it. That's the kind of performer he was. He appealed to everybody. But he never got real big. We used to talk about it. He'd say, "Louis, I wrote hit tunes, I been on TV, but I never got there." He had a stroke, and then about a year after that he had another one, and that one took him away. It was misfortune, and he though about it.

I played with Illinois Jacquet. He was just a wild tenor player, he didn't sing or nothing, but he was wild. He played real good. I was surprised he wasn't at the jam session at the Newport in New York Jazz Festival. We were there, did three shows. Illinois was a jam session man. But I think he's got in another rut, drinks alot, may show up and may not.

Ella Fitzgerald—the greatest singer in the world. I just kissed her. I kissed her at the dedication of Louis Armstrong Stadium in New York. She goes on forever. She can sing anything *good*. She's in a category by herself.

I'll tell you, a while ago we had been up to Fresno, and we decided to go back along the ocean. We stopped at a little place and saw these kids, their feet in the water, out on a dock or something, practicing, with their amps and a big long cord back across the beach to electrify their instruments, you know. I said, "I'm going to sit here and listen to them rehearse." They must have rehearsed 16 bars of one tune, the same thing for hours and hours, and then one of them said, "I think we got it." ■

Soviet Writers: Another Solzhenitsyn?

Seven Days of Creation, by Vladimir Maksimov, Possev-Verlag, Frankfurt/Main, 1971

Russian literature has been traditionally political. Truism? Yes, but one that cannot be overlooked by any literary critic or, for that matter, by any reader of Russian *belles lettres*. Both writer and bureaucrat, from opposite sides of the gulf that separates them, have been and are intensely concerned with the political and social message contained between the covers of a book. Our Western politician, more often than not, pays no attention to literary life around him and treats writers with a mixture of indulgence and indifference. It would certainly not occur to him that any danger is to be apprehended from literature. In the United States, even in the worst period of McCarthyism, highly political books circulated freely (while their authors—if they were foreigners—were denied an entry visa, as if their bodily presence was more subversive than their ideas).

Russian writers and intellectuals may derive a wry satisfaction from the tremendous importance which the State attaches to their work; their sense of mission is also heightened by the tense expectancy with which society listens to them. All this, however, cannot by any means compensate for the oppressive atmosphere, the dull-witted censorship, and finally for the cruel persecution to which they are subjected. And yet many of them are prepared to put themselves at risk in order to remain what they are, to say what they have to say, and to do what they feel they must.

When Vladimir Maksimov's novel *Seven Days of Creation* began to circulate in *samizdat* (manuscripts surreptitiously duplicated and passed from hand to hand) in Moscow and

Tamara Deutscher is a journalist who has contributed to the London Times, *the* Times Literary Supplement, The Economist *and the* New Left Review.

by Tamara Deutscher

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Leningrad some two years ago, it created an unusual stir and a controversy. Maksimov was acclaimed as a "new and better Solzhenitsyn" by some; others denied him any literary merit at all and were repelled by the shockingly retrograde ideological content of his work.

Born in Leningrad in 1932, Maksimov had a difficult childhood. An orphan (his parents had perished either in the purges or in the war) deprived of any family life, he was brought up in children's homes and at an early age was sent out as an apprentice-worker. His first trade was that of a bricklayer or a mason. Some unusual spirit of adventure must have possessed him, because he moved from one construction site to another in various remote parts of the country. At one time he was even engaged in diamond digging in Taimyr, well above the Arctic Circle. From there he moved right across the continent to the South, in the district of Kuban. Here in the more congenial climate of the Black Sea he settled down for a time and began writing at the age of 20. At that time, Solzhenitsyn, 14 years his senior, was still serving his sentence of imprisonment and exile "in perpetuity," which did not end until 1956. That was the year in which Maksimov published his first collection of poems, followed in 1961 by a long short story included in a volume edited by K. Paustovsky. In 1964 he published a play. Thus his literary career began in a perfectly legal way.

In the same year in which Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* appeared (1962) in *Novyi Mir,* with the special authorization of Khrushchev, Maksimov published his novel *Man Alive* which was, in 1965, dramatized and performed by the Moscow Pushkin Theatre. From 1965 Maksimov was a regular contributor to, and even member of the editorial board of, the literary magazine *Oktyabr* which, unlike Tvardovsky's *Novyi Mir,* was not harassed by the authorities. The hide-bound Kochetov, appointed as editor of *Oktyabr* in 1961, gathered around him a group of rather mediocre orthodox writers, of a conformist, patriotic-nationalistic outlook, relentlessly opposed to any kind of Thaw. While the "liberals" congregated around *Novyi Mir,* the conservatives identified with *Oktyabr.*

Maksimov's collaboration with *Oktyabr* did not last long. In 1967 his writings and his name disappeared from its pages without any explanation. In 1968 he was rebuked by Moscow's writers organization for having signed one of the many declarations in protest against the Galanskov-Ginzburg trial. In November 1969 he protested against the expulsion of Solzhenitsyn from the Writers' Union. Two years later he was himself expelled from that illustrious body directed in Solzhenitsyn's words—by "custodians of State Security." Soon afterwards the French showed their appreciation by making him a member of their PEN Club. Early in 1973 Maksimov, together with Sakharov and four other intellectuals, warned against the disastrous effect which the accession of the USSR to the copyright convention could have on the work of dissident authors. During the recently engineered "popular" outburst against Sakharov, Maksimov, together with Academician Shafarevich and Alexander Galich, rallied to his support by putting forward his candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize. Such a record supports Solzhenitsyn's opinion that Maksimov is an "honest and courageous writer."

[PAINTING A DARK CANVAS]

Seven Days of Creation is a long novel divided into six chapters—one for each day of the week; "Sunday," the finale. consists of one sentence only. It is an ambitious novel covering the period from the Revolution and Civil War till the 1960s. Each chapter is self-contained, yet the book is skillfully constructed to form a whole. The character providing the main link of the story is Piotr Vassilevich Lashkov, and *Seven Days of Creation* narrates the saga of his family to the third generation.

Lashkov, now a retired railway worker, has lived practically all his life in the important but faceless railway junction of Uzlovsk. It is through his dreams and somewhat complicated and confused flashbacks that we learn about his past: a faithful Bolshevik, enjoying the complete confidence of the party, he rose to a comparatively high position in the hierarchy and became a commissar of the Red Army and head of the district railway network. "He has been building his universe, stone by stone, slowly but surely.... Law and order reigned in this universe.... Life was divided into a 'Yes' and a 'No'. 'Yes' comprised himself and his idea of what was around him; 'No'—all that was contrary to it. He carried this universe, like a monolith, within himself, and nothing could shake it." What Maksimov wants to prove is that this universe is false, that it falls to pieces. To achieve this Maksimov confronts Lashkov with his own "universe." Maksimov's own version of reality, a highly distorted one, according to which the only true and everlasting "universe" in which Lashkov can find peace and salvation is that of religion, mysticism, and God.

As a theme this is, of course, neither new nor original. To bring his story to this predetermined and archaistic denoument, Maksimov adopts a method which greatly facilitates his task: he takes as his hero a man who has gone through all the 70 years of his life blindfolded, seeing nothing, understanding nothing, questioning nothing, and sometimes even feeling nothing. Then, all of a sudden, almost at his journey's end, "two or three minute incidents," "two or three accidental encounters" shake the universe of certainty which Lashkov has put together with so much care.

Suddenly he notices that his daughter has been drinking; accidentally he stumbles into a murky service of a religious sect conducted by an old railway mechanic. From now on events move faster and unexpected encounters multiply. From now on it also becomes obvious that, in the end, both unhappy daughter and father, whose edifice of life has collapsed, will see The Light. And indeed, in the last paragraph of the novel Piotr Lashkov begins moving in the rays of the rising sun, his grandchild in his arms: "He moved forward and he Knew. He Knew and he Believed." Then comes "The Seventh Day," "the day of hope and resurrection."

Between the confusing and clumsy opening of the story, and its primitive and melodramatic finale, Maksimov paints on a large canvas his picture of post-revolutionary Russia. And he uses

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very dark colors indeed. The rare glimmers of brightness derive almost exclusively from those who possess The Light within them. Only they know where they are going—the others are like leaves tossed about by the cruel winds of Soviet life.

To present various aspects of this life Maksimov resorts to a simple literary device: in his old age Piotr Lashkov is trying to establish long lost contacts with some members of his family. Maksimov takes him around and confronts him—and us—with a picture of life and death so gruesome, so full of black despondency, that both reason and feelings revolt.

In the porter's lodge, where the oldest Lashkov lives now in poverty and loneliness, Piotr "watched attentively a cobweb, spun across the right corner of the window, where a moth, obviously at the end of its strength, moved convulsively to free itself. The cobweb vibrated, holding its prey ever tighter. Caught in the deadly net the dusty wings finally stopped fluttering." The brothers face each other after an interval of 40 years. As in all other Russian encounters, a bottle of vodka unties the tongues and Vassili pours forth the tale of his bright hopes with which as a young communist he had returned from the Civil War. Why were they dashed? Who or what ruined them? "You, who belong to the party, explain to me . . ." he challenges Piotr. Later on in the chapter Vassili himself is absorbed in catching a fly under a glass: "The fly was finally caught and kept buzzing inside, hitting the glass walls. Wickedly and even with some feeling of sensuous vindictiveness, Lashkov thought: Go on, now, go on, turn, you dirty beast. The fly, exhausted, fell, then pulled itself up, and again began its vain search for a way out."

Through such conventionally sombre symbols in which the book abounds, Maksimov intensifies the mood of absolute hopelessness which permeates *The Seven Days.* Everybody, the whole of the vast country, is caught in a filthy terrifying net, in a trap, which strangles it—and there is no way out. Yes, perhaps in 1905 and 1917 Piotr Lashkov and his comrades had tried to build a better society. They might have been well meaning, but they were thoughtless. They failed abysmally also because they were blind and did not see where the root of the evil was. Who were they to set out to improve the world? In the name of their puny, earthly conception of justice they were meting punishment, and so everything disintegrated "because at the beginning was sin, and from each punishment a new sin is born."

[JOURNEY ACROSS RUSSIA]

The Moscow block of flats seen through the eyes of Vassili Lashkov, its "*dvornik*" or *concierge,* is obviously intended as a microcosm of the capital from the time when, after the Civil War, middle class families were reduced to living in one or two rooms and the apartments were packed to bursting point with homeless riff-raff and the "lower classes." Lashkov saw it all: impoverishment, wickedness and misery, theft, murder, searches and arrests by the dreaded Cheka; treachery and denunciations, searches and arrests by the not-less dreaded GPU; bureaucratic stupidity, senseless deportations and the return of human wrecks from Stalinist concentration camps. Hopelessness and helplessness: all are caught like flies in the deadly cobweb: the extremely dignified Tsarist officer who celebrates only religious Holy Days and the birthday of Prince Alexander Nikolayevich Romanov, the heir to the Throne, as well as the tubercular policeman Kalinin who shoots himself to escape duties odious to him.

Piotr Lashkov's visit to his younger brother gives Maksimov an opportunity to paint the horrors of Russian peasant life. During the war Andrei had been entrusted by the party with the task of evacuating 12,000 head of cattle from western Russia to Derbent, on the Caspian Sea. The day and night trek through sandstorms and snowstorms, through mountains and desert, is described panoramically and with great power, marred only by a superabundance of primitive philosophizing. Here Maksimov presents a picture of the old, very old, Mother Russia, untouched by civilization, with her drinking, swearing, lynching peasants capable of some good deeds in their unpredictable moments of lucidity. Is this picture of utter backwardness another indictment of the revolution and of its inability to raise the muzhik from the mire? The "wise man" of the story, a former Kornilov officer, enlightens Andrei: "Men like you . . . are all alike. You want to act for the good of all, and automatically you commit mistakes. The obscurantism of the people is of such a nature that it does not accept any light." In Maksimov's version the only "light" the peasants accept and follow faithfully is that of the Greek Orthodox priests.

In the chapter entitled "Thursday—The Belated Light" Piotr Lashkov makes a vain attempt to rescue his grandson from a psychiatric hospital. Again, just as in the "free" world outside, everybody is trapped till death; the real madmen are those who are not aware of this. Here, too, the only solace is alcohol. After a few drinks Kreps enlightens Vadim: "The muzhik had his soul taken away and nothing but vodka was given to him to replace it . . ." (It is not made clear, however, who it was that deprived the muzhik of his soul.) "All our reformers of woe of the kind of Peter the Great and his marxist admirers had died with the sense of duty accomplished, very proud of themselves, while their beautiful artifacts are costing us a great deal. . . . What kind of law is it that makes the whole nation pay for a bloody whim of a few paranoiacs? . . . The whole world curses us. . . . But the universe should bless Russia . . . because by her cruel example Russia showed others what must not be done." Vadim does not ask and Kreps does not say what in his view must be done.

From "Monday—Journey into Oneself" to "Thursday" Maksimov forces his narrative towards its culmination. In "Friday" we are given the story of Piotr Lashkov's daughter and her husband Nikolai. Nikolai, who also happened to be Piotr Lashkov's godson, fell foul of the authorities and the only job he could get was that of a building worker in the windswept, desert-like steppe of Central Asia. There the couple belong to the so-called "free" workers, though for all practical purposes they live like convicts. Most of their workmates are wrecks who have survived prison, camp, and exile. Only a few characters have managed to preserve somewhere

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in the corner of their souls some human emotion of kindness and charity. One of them is Ossip Mekler, the son of the Jewish dentist. He had wanted to study law, but could do so only at the price of becoming an informer. This he refused to do. Through the chapter Mekler is presented as one of the noblest characters.

What are Ossip, his team, and all the other workers-slaves constructing? What purpose will serve this grim building, half buried under the ground, with its innumerable, identical, tiny, non-communicating cubicles opening only on unending dark corridors? Nobody wants to know, but some cannot help guessing: Antonina overhears a hushed voice: "As I have always said . . . did your grandfathers need all this hullaballoo just in order to change jailers?" "What a life," Antonina murmurs, "Without realizing it one ties for oneself the rope on which one gets hanged. . ."

[AN ILL-DEFINED LONGING]

At the opening of the novel Piotr Lashkov recalls how some time in 1905 , during a skirmish between the workers and the gendarmes, he had noticed a pink succulent ham hanging behind the broken window of a grocery shop. It was so tantalizing that he risked his life and dashed amid the whistling bullets to grab it. Breathless, he stretched his hand for the coveted prize. Under his eager fingers he felt the roughness of thickly painted paper maché. He burst out into uncontrolled sobs.

This image of disillusionment repeats itself. All bravery, all endeavour is futile. ". . . another madman installed himself on top . . . and poor Russia . . . again, like a hundred years before, bleeds profusely. . . ."

It is difficult to say to what extent Maksimov is under the influence of Solzhenitsyn. He certainly looks for inspiration much further back, and, most obviously, to Dostoyevsky. He sees the revolution as having been made by The Possessed who attempted to do away with God. Has not Dostoyevsky's gloomy prophesy come true? The Poor People have been led astray by those who "never worked with their hands." They have "stirred the lowest instincts" of the ignorant crowds and incited them to "take from him who has food, and to eat; to take from him who has clothing, and to dress themselves; and to take power from those who hold power." By whom are the laws written? Not by poets, but by "those seminarists who have dropped their studies, by failed lawyers, and by miserable discoverers of *perpetuum mobile*. . ." This verdict with its allusion to Stalin, Lenin, and Trotsky, comes from the febrile lips of Khramov the poet, who continues a tirade which might have been taken from the pages of *The Brothers Karamazov:* "The Smerdiakovs have

The rare glimmers of brightness derive almost exclusively from those who possess The Light within them.

invaded Russia . . . All is possible, all is permissible." But what Maksimov has not learned from his master is the ability to modulate his voice: he is strident, he overwhelms when he thunders his warnings of further impending disasters. Our sensitivity is blunted by the monotony of dark colors too thickly laid on. Maksimov lacks dramatic control and the right measure which is the essence of all artistic creation.

Maksimov has taken over Dostoyevsky's philosophy, but flattened it, depriving it of its depth and originality. Unlike his master, he is unable to make us perceive this philosophy through the deeds and thoughts of his *dramatis personae:* he flings it at us directly, explicitly, until it becomes a kind of intemperate propaganda: his condemnation of the revolution is absolute and total. He sees the whole half-century that has passed as a continuous, undifferentiated, unchanging, uniformly black pit of despair. In this book, written in the naturalist-realistic conventional manner, the great tragedy and the prodigious élan of the nation at war are hardly mentioned. No notice is taken of Stalin's death and all the traumatic shocks that followed it. There is not a single redeeming feature in what the men of 1917 had done, no recognition of what the revolution has achieved since. None of Maksimov's characters give any hint of what they expect or what they wish for the future. What Maksimov in fact proposes is to beat a retreat, to go back at least a hundred years in time and . . . to stay there.

Isaac Deutscher said that "it is inconceivable that Russia should ever call back the Romanovs, even if only to overthrow them for a second time. . . . The revolution . . . has outlasted all possible agents of restoration." At times Maksimov's voice seems to "call back the Romanovs." From his book comes a strong whiff of an ill-defined longing for some sort of "spiritual restoration."

How representative are Maksimov's views on Russia's recent past? We have no means of conducting a survey of the underground literary opinion. There is no doubt that such an opinion exists, and that it is characterized by a multiplicity of currents. "There are always currents, even in waters that appear stagnant," says L.O. in a little book on Solzhenitsyn's *August 1914*—judged by the Russian readers' (Seuil, 1973). Unfortunately, adds L.O. "our 'public opinion' manifests itself in few, all too few documents." Perhaps a similar collection of readers' reactions to Maksimov's writings will reach us before long. But even then the verdict could not be conclusive: for this we depend too much an those "middlemen" in Frankfurt, like *N.T.S., Possev,* and *Grani* who have a near monopoly of supplying the West with *samizdat* literature; and they certainly have their anti-revolutionary bias. So far only rumours of a sharply divided opinion—pro- and anti-Maksimov—have reached us from Russia. ■

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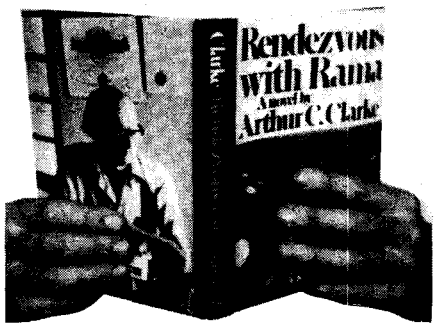
Science Fiction:

Hello Out There



Like a comet with a predictable period, science fiction reappears just when the skies are darkest. The latest visitation of cosmic fantasy has been traveling Earthwards for many months, and seems to be reaching its perihelion this winter with the arrival of a real comet, the appearance of an armada of UFOs, recognition of the science of exobiology, and the publication of heavy literary numbers by two undoubted masters of sci-fi, Arthur C. Clarke and Robert Heinlein. Whether or not all this can brighten the wastes of our benighted planet, it is certainly good for laughs, commerce and a few lessons about the impossibility of life on Earth as we know it.

The rules of science fiction and the dogmas of its belief-systems reject the relevance of the present and admit only the importance of the archaic past or the visionary future. The loss of Atlantis in the never-was or the arrival of Betelgeusians in the never-will-be are real events, whereas the wars, love affairs, plagues and disasters of the here-and-now are irrelevant epiphenomena. It's hardly surprising that in times such as these, fascination with the wonders of pre- and post-history replaces concern for the nonsense of now.

Although most of the conventional sci-fi themes are heard again, once and future extraterrestrial visitation seems to be the most popular notion of the current phase. In the past years, dozens of pseudo-academic and para-scientific studies have appeared between soft covers to chronicle the visits of spaceships and their passengers in the dim past. Erich Von Däniken's *Chariots of the Gods* and its quickie sequels propound the theory that Earthly religions and myths derive from real appearances of interplanetary travelers, murky eons ago.

Arthur C. Clarke, whose greatest popularity came from his stories of post-human evolution and transformation (*Childhood's End* and *2001: A Space Odyssey*) has been bitten by the deus-ex-machina bug, and devotes his current novel, *Rendezvous with Rama* to the appearance of an enormous intergalactic spaceship in our own Solar System. Earthlings intercept the vehicle—which extends 30 miles from end to end and contains an entire planetary environment inside its metallic walls—and puzzle over its mission:

"Our faith has told us to expect such a visitation," says one of the crew members who is a latter-day Jesus Freak, a member of a religion called Fifth Church of Christ, Cosmonaut. "We do not know exactly what form it will take. The Bible gives hints. If this is not the Second Coming, it may be the Second Judgment; the story of Noah describes the first. I believe that Rama is a cosmic Ark, sent here to save—those worthy of salvation."

In the end, the mission of Rama remains a mystery, although the possibility that it is a post-industrial rough beast slouching through the heavens is not entirely discarded. In the absence of proof of other purposes, salvation is the most conforting option.

The recurrence of salvation motifs in science fiction and everyday science cults must say something about the particular cultural neurosis of this generation, just as the evolutionary-leap theme indicated the fantasies and fears of the last decade. Clarke's *Childhood's End,* a seminal novel for a great many young rebels and radicals of the '50s and '60s, was a visionary allegory of the Aquarian Age. One by one, and then in logarithmic multiplication, the children of quite straight Twentieth Century liberal parents turn into superfreaks, marked by glassy stares not unlike those induced by powerful hallucinogens, and possessed of a competence in all things unknown in our own klutzy culture. The evolutionary process accelerates rapidly until the human form can be dispensed with entirely and life can be reduced to pure energy, seen (by whom?) as rings of heavenly blue light.

The submergence of the Age of Aquarius seems to have carried with it the end of the science fiction of human transformation. The last scene of the film version of "Space Odyssey," which once made every New Age freak's heart leap with expectation of the cataclysmic Evolution, now is strangely dated, even though we are 27 years shy of 2001. Tolkien and H. P. Lovecraft—other centers of popular literary cults of the last science fiction phase—have also declined, and with them the concern for the mythic origins of the species and the wars, quests, and magic of the past.

Only interplanetary or intergalactic gods, gurus and cosmonauts can save us now. For one thing, their technology is capable of hurdling the current ecological barriers; Clarke's cryptic Ramans have conquered both the Energy Crisis (they use star-fueled "space drive" instead of thrust engines) and the Garbage Glut (bio-robots recycle everything). For another, there is no need for inefficient politics or superfluous psychology in the perfectly purposed and ordered world of Rama.

The social sciences lay behind much of the sci-fi fantasies a few years ago; now, the political and cultural attack on sociology, psychology and their intellectual relations has informed the fictional world. Instead of the *perfection* of social science—as in Isaac Asimov's psychohistorical *Foundation* cycle—the obliteration of social science can be found in the best-selling paperbacks this year (and Clarke and Heinlein are now so classy that they're in hardback). The gods from Out There not only have to save us from our technical incompetence. They must free us from ourselves, from our destructive intellects, from our counterproductive attempts to understand our world.

by Andrew Kopkind

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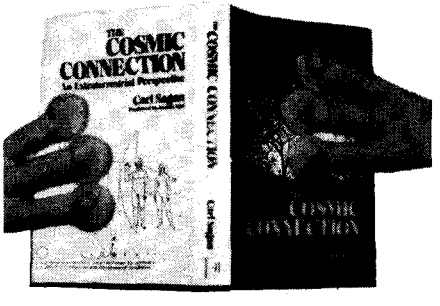
Extraterrestrial fantasies invade not only the minds of novelists but those of scientists as well. Indeed, a whole new field, called exobiology, is opening up for those who would like to theorize (and, I suppose, physically examine) living creatures from outer space. At the moment, the most prominent exobiologist is Carl Sagan, an astronomer at Cornell University, who designed the message inscribed in gold leaf on a plaque on the Pioneer 10 rocket sent to cruise leisurely through trans-Solar space in hopes of catching the eye of an alien spaceperson. The message contained a lot of binary digits and some circles and things, and also carried line drawings of a more-or-less Caucasoid couple, he with genitalia, she without (you can't push NASA too far). The rocket was launched almost two years ago, but as yet no communication with extraterrestrial creatures has been confirmed. Sagan thinks it may take between 80,000 and ten billion years to get a reply to his message, which would make the Pioneer 10 system considerably slower than either the U.S. Postal Service or Bell Telephone.

In the meantime, Sagan has produced a somewhat McLuhanesque book-product (as Dream Whip is a food-product), *The Cosmic Connection*, which talks all around the subject of extraterrestriality but never gets right down to the question of what the little monsters are going to look like. (Clarke says they have three legs.) He does, however, calculate that the belief in UFOs is probably misplaced. His calculation goes something like this: assume there are a million other stars in the universe with planets which have advanced civilizations. The life of each civilization is ten million years. Even if only one "real" UFO reaches Earth every year, how many launches are being made in the universe?

"Let's assume that . . . 10^6 Q (10 million *times* Q) interstellar space vehicles are launched per year. Let's assume that there's only one contact made per journey. In the steady-state situation, there are something like 10^6 Q arrivals somewhere or other per year. Now, there surely are something like 10^{10} interesting places in the Galaxy to go visit (we have several times 10^{11} stars) and, therefore, an average of $1/10^4 = 10^{-4}$ arrivals at a given interesting place (let's say a planet) per year. So if only one UFO is to visit the Earth each year, we can calculate what mean launch rate is required at each of these million worlds. The number turns out to be ten thousand launches per year per civilization, and ten billion launches in the Galaxy per year. This seems excessive."



Indeed. But if Earth is to be saved, the sky's the limit. If gods or extraterrestrial creatures can make ten billion books and book-products every year or so, they surely can launch ten billion rockets in the hope that one will reach us. It's worth the effort. ■

LOUISIANA RED

(From page 30)

fertile peaks and valleys of young womanhood. Nanny stared at her a long time.

Minnie climbed in bed, and Nanny started to tell her the stories. Stories about Marie and how she had showed Doc John that he wasn't such a big deal. Minnie dozed off, smiling. She began to talk in her sleep. She was thinking of how better things would be if her father would just take a walk and not come back. Nanny shook her grey head sadly at the mutterings of this troubled child.

* * *

(The Toulouse, a restaurant on University Avenue in South Berkeley. Elder, a medium-sized man wearing glasses and neatly-groomed hair, is standing behind the bar. He has the appearance of being efficient and is cleanly attired. Above him, on a platform, is a television set. He is watching a football game. Next to the television is a poster of a handsome black woman, holding a spear. Her legs are spread apart. Across the aisle is a bulletin board announcing jazz and poetry events. The modest chairs have a tiger skin decoration in the seats. Many types of people are seated about: chicanos, blacks, whites, yellows, browns–all races as well as all classes. People are playing chess and reading about revolution. During the day the "regulars" come in. At night it's American Graffiti. George Kingfish Stevens and Andy Brown are talking loudly much to the occasional annoyance of their fellow customers. Andy Brown is a large, heavy man. He is the consummate Brother Bear of Disney's film version of Joel Chandler Harris' Song of the South. *He wears a process, a derby, platform heels, fur cape. He is the kind of man who would refer to his automobile as a "hog." George Kingfish Stevens is short, slight and wears "hippie pimp" attire, lots of leather. He wears a "cornrow" hairstyle.)*

Kingfish Stevens: Did you see that Oldsmobile that just went by? Look like Hitler driving to the Russian front. Man that Wolf Yellings is quite a fella, quite a fella.

Brown: Aw, Kingfish, that man is a square. Is a cube. He ain't in the Moochers like you and I is. Minnie's Moochers. Plus I hears the nigger is running some kind of bizness. Colored folks ain't cut out for no bizness.

Kingfish: Very well put, Bro. Andy, very well put. A man like that is dangerous, prespecacous. MMMM. We is going to have to keep an eye on niggers like that.

Brown: Yeah, He and his Sister is two different people.

Kingfish: Not to mention Street. Remember the time we use to go up on Telegraph Avenue and watch the bitches go in and out of "Robbie's. Every time the weekend roll around, people were wondering who Street gon cut.

Brown: Yeah, Kingfish, we use to go to the Steppenwolf's and dance all night. Now they plays dat old funny white music in there. I goes to sleep.

Kingfish: Buzzart?

Brown: What's that, Kingfish?

Kingfish: Buzzart, that's one of the men they be playing. Boy, that Buzzart be chopping and sawing away. Whew. (Pause)

Kingfish: Bro. Brown, let me borry some beer outta your pitcher. Share

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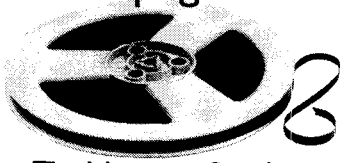

The Managers Speak

Edited by Ernest R. May and Janet Fraser

In January 1973, for the first time in American history, principal participants in a major election met to discuss the science and the art of campaign strategy: the planning, calculation, contrivance, miscalculation, and mischance that determine what the electorate sees. Campaign managers, pollsters, and journalists met to compare notes on their techniques and tactics and on their successes and failures as they reviewed the events of the primaries and the election.

This carefully edited transcript—oral history at its best—makes absorbing reading. It is a valuable primary source for students of and participants in the political process in general as well as the '72 campaign in particular.

Ernest R. May is the Director and Janet Fraser is Assistant Director of the Institute of Politics at Harvard. **$7.95**

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and share alike is what we Moochers say. (Pours himself a drink.)

Brown: Help yo self Kingfish, share and share alike as the Moochers say, but sometime I wonder, Kingfish, sometime look like I'm doing all the sharin.

Kingfish: Don't worry, Bro. Brown, I will buy the next round.

Brown: Why, Fish, you told me you didn't have no money. Where'd you get the money? (Kingfish beckons Brown to lean over, he whispers.)

Kingfish: I collectivized d tip on the next table, the people left for the bartender. Hows you like that for Mooching? Pretty clever don't you think?

Brown: Why Kingfish, you is a genius. You and me is the only genius to emerge from the 1950s.

Kingfish: Excuse me, Brother Brown, let me go up here and get me a pitcher of beer. (He asks the bartender Elder for a pitcher of beer. Elder draws a pitcher and puts it on top of the bar.)

Fish: (frowning, examines the pitcher) Where's de foam?

Elder: For 99 cents you need all the beer you can get. (People at the bar laugh. Kingfish sneers at Elder, returns to where Brown is sitting.)

Brown: What was that all about, Kingfish?

Kingfish: Aw, that nigger is trying to be cute. Bushwa. Why over at the Trident in Sausalito they got plenty of foam.

Brown: Well, you know what I always says, Kingfish.

Kingfish: What's that, Brown?

Brown: Niggers can't do nothing right; not a damn thing. (Pause)

Kingfish: Yeh, that Street was something. Over there in one of them African countries, remember that night he killed that nigger?

Brown: Which nigger, Fish?

Kingfish: That last nigger he kill that got him into San Quentin.

Brown: O yeah, that time. Yeah, that nigger said something about "excuse me, isn't that my seat," all bushwa. Kekup.

Kingfish: (mimicking gesturing) No, the nigger say, "excuse me, that seat is reserved for me." Next thing they know that nigger was on the ground holding his brains in. Kekup.

Brown: Kekup. Yeah, that was something. Look like chittlins comin out. Kekup.

Kingfish: (tears of laughter) Street told the nigger that we don't believes in no reserved. We Moochers believe that niggers—all of them is in the same boat.

Brown: They the same thing. There's no such thing as privacy as you own thoughts, we is linked to each other and can't break the linkage.

Brown: That Street was the real Royalty of the avenues of despair as that newspaper man said. Sho wish we had him as the leader of the Moochers.

Kingfish: What's wrong with Minnie?

Brown: Well, me and some of the boys been thinkin Kingfish. Since Minnie is heading it up, them gals be around her has become bodacious. Them girls talk to a man anyway they want to talk to him. Them Dahomeyan Softball Team that be riding around on them meter maid scooters. Look like they go out of the way to ticket us poor colored men, and Kingfish, the fellas afraid to go to meetings anymore. That big ol one.

Kingfish: The one they call Eunice, the Reichsfuhrer?

Brown: Yeah, that's the one. Well she put some kind of Dragon Foo See on one of the boys.

Kingfish: Dragon Foo See?

Brown: Some kind of new things them chinaman invented where they woman go all the way up in the air and come down choppin away, and what's worse of all . . .

Kingfish: What's the worse, Brown?

Brown: Well, why is a grown woman like that needs to have a Nanny always chaperoning her. Some of the fellows are saying that that woman Nanny is dealing Minnie more than pancakes.

Kingfish: Why . . . you . . . (Kingfish and Brown stand up and begin to wrestle. On their feet, as Brown's derby comes off while Kingfish has him by the neck. They fall against the bar causing the pitchers to fall and break.)

Elder: Hey! What's going on here? (The bartender comes from behind the bar and grabs both of them rushing them to the outside of the bar.)

Elder: Now you can take your disputes of dogma somewhere else.

* * *

The committee meeting was to be held at the Gross Christian Church, San Francisco's truly avant-garde center of worship. The first thing you came upon was the entrance over which could be seen a sign spelling out Groovy, in the manner of the garish neon signs one saw at the bottomless topless clubs on Broadway. Rev. Rookie's church was a reconverted niteclub. Inside he stood behind one of the long elegant bars which had been restored to its original furnishings. On the walls were black psychedelic posters of Harry Belafonte, Sammy Davis, Jr. and Quincy Jones. Whenever "Q" came to the Circle Star Theatre, Rev. Rookie would be right there, in the front row, whooping it up, yelling such colorful expletives as "Right on," and "Get down," which he would say twice, "Get down, get down." Another one of his expressions was "Can you dig it?", quite effective when used sparingly which Rev. Rookie didn't.

Cats were circling the room. Moochers love cats perhaps because you have to be crafty and dexterous and phony-finicky to be a Moocher, winning your territory inch by inch.

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Rev. Rookie had a motley congregation and really didn't care about their life styles. He had twisted old John Wesley's philosophy so that he had forgotten the theology he started out with. Rev. Rookie was real ecumenical. Gushing with it. I mean, he ecumenicaled all over himself, but he wasn't one of these obvious old fashioned preachers. No, when he spoke of God, he didn't come right out and mention his Hebrew name. God, for him, was always a "force"; or a "principle."

The Christians looked the other way from their maverick minister in San Francisco; after all he was packing them in, wasn't he? Why Rev. Rookie would get up in his mojo jumpsuit and just carry on so. He employed $100,000 worth of audio-visual equipment with which to "protect" himself, plus a rhumba band; it was the tackiest Jesus you'd ever want to see. Rev. Rookie wasn't no fool, though. He had won a place for himself in the Moocher high command along with Maxwell Kasavubu, the Lit. teacher from New York; Cinnamon Easterhood, hi-yellow editor of the *Moocher Monthly*, their official magazine, and Big Sally the poverty worker; they were the principals of the meeting in which they were going to exclude Minnie for reasons that would become plain.

The crisis meeting was being held to see what was to be done with Papa LaBas, the interloper from the East.

Big Sally arrived first. Big old thing. Though her SL Mercedes was parked outside, Big Sally insisted upon her "oppression" to all that would hear. She had a top job in the 1960s version of the Freedman's Bureau, which was somewhat surprising since the poor had never seen Big Sally. Never heard of her, and although she was always "addressing myself to the community," she spent an awful lot of time in Sausalito, a millionaire's resort. A Ph.D. in Black English, she saw herself as "just one of the people"; "just me," or "plain prole." Big Sally put down her maxi coat which made her look like a Russian general and then slid onto one of the barstools and continued her knitting; she was always knitting.

"WELL HOW YOU, SALLY. WHAT'S THE NEW THANG? WHAT'S WITH THE HAPPENINGS."

Big Sally looked at Rev. Rookie as if to say "poot."

"I guess I'll get by." Rev. Rookie knew better than to scream on Big Sally. She had a habit of screaming on you back. She'd rank you no matter where you were; in the middle of the street, usually, telling all the traffic your business.

The next Moocher to show up was curly-haired grey Maxwell Kasavubu. Trench coat, brown cordovans, icy look of New York angst. He slowly removed his trench coat and put it on the rack; he smiled at Big Sally.

"Hi Rev., Sally." Rev. Rookie lit all up; Sally blushed and fluttered her eyebrows.

Rev. Rookie rushed over to one of his church's biggest contributors, slob-

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bering all over the man.

"HEY, BABY WHAT'S GOING ON?" he said placing a hand on Max's shoulder. Max stared coldly at his hand, and meekly, Rev. Rookie removed it.

Sally continued knitting. Rev. Rookie paced up and down behind the bar; Max sat for a moment, contemplatively inhaling from his pipe, occasionally winking at Big Sally. Soon Max rose and went over to read some of Rev. Rookie's literature which was lying on the bar top; *Ramparts* and *The Rolling Stone*. Max stared at them contemptuously for a moment then slammed them down.

"WOULD YOU BROTHERS AND SISTERS LIKE TO HEAR SOME LEON BIBBS?"

Big Sally made a sound like *Spitsch!*, lifted her head and, stopping her knitting, stared evilly and disgustedly at Rev. Rookie for a long time.

"I don't feel like hearing no music now," she said.

The door opened and in walked Cinnamon Easterhood, hi-yellow editor of the *Moocher Monthly*. He walked in all tense and hi-strung in his Nehru suit, clutching a wooden handbag which the men were wearing or carrying these days. He was so nervous and slight that he looked like if you said boo he'd blow away. Accompanying him was Rusty, his dust bowl woman of euro descent, wearing old raggedy dirty blue jeans, no bra and no shoes. She immediately got all up in Sally's face.

Big Sally showed the whites of her eyes for a real long time. "Uhmp," she said. "Uhmp. Uhmp."

"Sally, lord, you sure is a mess," Cinnamon Easterhood's wife said, looking like the history of stale apple pie diners, confidant to every Big-Rig on the New York State Freeway.

"HEY PEOPLE. I FEEL GREAT NOW. ALL MY PEOPLE ARE HERE. WHY DON'T WE LIGHT THE FIREPLACE AND ROAST SOME MARSHMELLOWS? MY UKULELE AND PETE SEEGER RECORDS ARE OUT IN THE VW." Ignored. And here he was the chairman of the Moochers, next to only Minnie herself.

Cinnamon was over in the corner congratulating Maxwell Kasavubu on his startling thesis, now being circulated in literary and political circles that Richard Wright's Bigger Thomas wasn't executed at all but had been smuggled out of prison at the 11th hour and was now gunning for the big editorial spot on *Dissent Magazine*. Cinnamon was doing most of the talking, saying that he thought the idea was absolutely brilliant; or incredibly fantastic.

Max examined his watch.

"Well, I guess it's about time we began the meeting," he said in his obnoxious know-it-all New York accent. As usual Max talked first.

"I've been thinking about our problem and think I can put some input into the discussion. After Ed was murdered we thought it would take people's minds off gumbo and renew the interest in Moochism, but this hasn't been the case. The community's infatuation with cults and superstition should have run its course by now. But now we have this LaBas. A name that isn't even French and so you can see how pretentious he is."

"It's patois." Big Sally, expert on Black English, put in her input.

"What say, Sally?" Max said smiling, indulgently.

"I said it's patois."

"Well, whatever, the man is presented us with some problems."

"Spitsch!"

"Did you want to say something, Big Sally?" Max said, mistaking this sound for comment.

"Nothin, Max. 'cept to say that I concur with your conclusions things was moving nicely til this LaBas man come in here but it seems to me that we ought not be sitting here talking bout our problems but bout our conclusions, I mean about our solutions."

"TELL IT SISTER. TELL IT," Rev. Rookie hollared all loud.

"Our solutions is an inescapable part of your problems and they are one in the part the woof and warf of what we're going to be about. Now, are we going to be about our problems, or are we going to be about solutions?"

Hi-Yellow, pimply-faced and epicene rose to speak.

"But–"

"I aint through. Now I aint through. Let me finish what I'm saying and then you can have your turn to talk cause aint no use of all of us talking at one time and so you just sit there and let me finish."

Maxwell signals him with a smile to let her finish and he sits down.

"When it come you time, then you can have the floor but long as I'm having the floor I think everybody ought to treat me with the courtesy to hear out my views cause if you going to dispute my views you have to hear me out first–"

"But I was only being practical," Easterhood protested.

"Practical? You was only being practical? If you was only being practical then look like the first practical thing you would want to do would be

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to hush your practical mouth so I can talk."

Easterhood's wife was just beaming at all that good old downhome rusticness coming her way. She just leaned back and said, "Sally, Lawd. Sister, you sho can come on."

"Takes Sally to just cut through all the bullshit and get right down to the nitty gritty," Maxwell said.

"TELL IT LIKE IT T/I/S/MAMA," Rev. Rookie said.

"That's mo like it. Now as I was saying, we don't have to worry about this LaBas man, and was going on to say that what we need is somebody to replace that hi-yellow heffer," Big Sally said, her eyes rolling about her head.

Easterhood smiled his good-natured Moocher smile but secretly wanted to crawl on his belly out of the room. He didn't mind all this downhomeness but, shit, he had an M.A.

"Hi-Yellow Heffer?" Max asked. "What's with this hi-yellow?"

"THE SISTER IS CALLING SOMEBODY A COW." Rev. Rookie explained to Maxwell Kasavubu.

"O, you mean heifer," Maxwell Kasavubu said.

"Whatever you call that old ugly thang. Think she cute. Drive up here in that sport car and when she come start talking that old simpleass muthefucking make me sick in my asshole."

"RUN IT DOWN SISTER, RUN IT DOWN TO THE GROUND," Rev. Rookie said, jumping up and down.

"But which Sister are you referring to Big Sally?" Max asked for clarification. He always asked for clarification, not one to be swept away by emotions as the "minorities" were. They got fired up real quick but when you needed someone to pass out leaflets or man a booth, they busy or tired or so and so's turn to do that.

"Minnie," Big Sally blurted out.

"Minnie?" Cinnamon said jumping from the couch where his wife Rusty sat guzzling beer and eating ritz crackers as if they were the whole meal and grinning squint-eyed over the colorful Sally's contribution to the discussion.

"Minnie?" Did I hear you right?" Cinnamon Easterhood said, grinning.

"You hearrrrrrrd me!" she said, cutting a rough glance his way.

"Well you have to admit Minnie is a bore. Only a handful turned out to the last rally," said Maxwell.

"That's crazy, we need her. The sister has a fine mind," Cinnamon protested. "She's writing an article in the *Moocher Monthly* magazine on the morphological, ontological and metaphysical ramifications in which she will refute certain long-held contradictory conclusions commonly held by peripatetics entering menopause. Why the dialectics of the superannuated will –"

"Big Sally did you want to say something," Max said. Noticing Sally's impatience–impatience being a mild word. Frowns were proliferating on her forehead.

"As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, we don't need no ontology, we needs some grits and Minnie aint bringing no grits. Aint no ontology gone pay our light bill. P.G. and E. fixin to cut off our Oakland office. Disconnect. We need somebody who knows how to get down.'

"Who would you suggest, Big Sally?"

"Street Yellings is the only one the people in the street want. He the only man that can put this Moocher back in business."

"Street," Rusty said. "Street Yellings. Why, if you brought him back, everything would be so outtasite." She remembered his wanted poster in the Post Office. The girls would go down there and get all fired up. Somebody had painted horns on his head. Street made them want to say fuck. Say words like fuck. Made you feel obscene. Even the men. There was a way he looked at you. And when he made love she had heard from one of the women who had named a rape clinic after him–after he had your clothes off he would say, "Now Give Me Some That Booty Bitch!!"

"I don't think he can articulate the Moocher point of view," Easterhood said, reading his wife's thoughts.

"We don't need no articulate," Big Sally said. "Articulate we got too much of. We need someone to oppose that LaBas and them niggers over there in that gumbo business."

"I wish I had your gift, Big Sally–right down to brass tacks."

"Why thank you, Max," Big Sally said, smiling.

"And as for you Cinnamon. Don't ever call Street inarticulate. Why if it wasn't for me convincing the Moocher Board of Directors to back that rag of yours your verbosely footnoted monstrosity would have folded long ago. Street knows the poolrooms, the crap games, the alleys and the bars. He knows the redemptive suffering and oppression. We will offer Street Yellings the position. Is there any dissent?"

"You, Rev. Rookie?"

"WHATEVER YOU SAY IS FINE FOR ME, MAX," Rev. Rookie said.

"Mrs. Easterhood?"

"Do I look like a broomhandle to you you four-eyed goofy motherfuka," (nasty) Rusty says as Max turns red as a beet. Big Sally starts to cackle.

CHOMSKY

(From page 39)

FOOTNOTES

1. Anthony McDermott, *Middle East International*, Sept. 1973. U.S. and Israeli intelligence insisted that there was virtually no chance of an Arab attack, according to Henry Kissinger. Benjamin Welles, *Christian Science Monitor*, Oct. 29, 1973.

2. *Yedioth Aharonot*, July 26, 1973.

3. John Cooley, *Christian Science Monitor*, Oct. 27, 1973.

4. David Hirst, *Guardian Weekly*, (Manchester-London), Oct. 20, 1973.

5. Joseph Fitchett, *Christian Science Monitor*, Oct. 13, 1973.

6. William Tuohy, *L.A. Times-Boston Globe*, Oct. 26, 1973.

7. John Finney, *New York Times*, Oct. 17, 1973; Dana Adams Schmidt, *Christian Science Monitor*, Oct. 26, 1973.

8. Dana Adams Schmidt, *Christian Science Monitor*, Oct. 27, 1973. "Under questioning, Mr. Schlesinger acknowledged that the alert of the Soviet airborne forces had been ordered five or six days ago and was known by United States officials before yesterday's crisis developed." (John Finney, *New York Times*, Oct. 27.)

9. Joseph Fitchett, *Christian Science Monitor*, Oct. 13, 1973.

10. *Ha-Aretz*, July 22, 1973.

11. For quotes and references from the Israeli press, see *Viewpoint*, nos. 10-11, Sept. 15, 1973, POB 9321, Jerusalem.

12. *Ha-Aretz*, Sept. 26, 1973. Translated in *Israleft*, no. 25, Oct. 2, 1973, POB 9013, Jerusalem.

13. Joseph Fitchett, *Christian Science Monitor*, Oct. 16, 1973.

14. Warren Young, *New Outlook*, Jan. 1970.

15. A recent version appeared in the *London Times*, Feb. 3, 1973. The text is produced in IDOC, *Controversy in the Middle East*, Sept. 1973. A possible general settlement of this sort is outlined by Michel Tatu, *Le Monde*, Oct. 23, 1973.

16. See the comments by Michael Brecher, Canadian specialist in Israeli foreign policy, in an interview in *New Outlook*, June 1973. He speaks of the "retreat from reason" and the "growing weight being given to mystic identities and irredentist aspirations in government decisions," the "quasi-religious roots" of the new expansionism and the "revival of identification with mystic roots of a regenerated Jewish nation."

17. Drew Middleton, *New York Times*, Oct. 17, 1973.

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"Please dear, you'll upset Mr. Kasavubu," Easterhood said.

"I don't care, I'll spit on that fat worm."

"Let's not get carried away, Rusty, we'll remove the licorice sticks you enjoy so much."

"What did you mean by that you poot butt," Rusty said, leaping from the sofa.

Easterhood had no control over his spouse. He looked real simple like a Bunny Berrigan adaptation of a Jelly Roll Morton hit.

"I get sick of your pompous insane cocksucking remarks," Rusty bellowed.

"BROTHERS AND SISTERS. WE MOOCHERS DON'T GET INVOLVED IN PETTY INDIVIDUALISTIC CLASHES. WE ARE TOGETHER FOR ONE CAUSE. WE MUST LEARN TO SUBMERGE OUR DIFFERENCES."

Rusty was sobbing, curled up in Big Sally's apron. Big Sally was comforting her.

"Just don't ask me up here any more. I am not a Mrs. Rusty Easterhood, I'm a person. You men think it always has to be your way. Do your housework, raise your children. Well I'm sick of it; I want to play tennis, express myself, visit motels. Big Sally," she says looking up to her, "You busy this evening?"

"Look it's hot," said Maxwell Kasavubu, so sensible, so cool at these times. "We've gone through a difficult transition from obscure Telegraph Avenue notion to a movement to be reckoned with. I'll fly to Africa, pick up Street tomorrow."

"But what do you make of Street's criminal record? You remember how he murdered that brother and escaped from jail?" Easterhood asked. "The editorial board of the *Moocher Monthly* have had a change of viewpoint concerning the effectiveness of the charismatic lumpen."

"That doesn't count. Just another nigger killing. What's a nigger to the law."

Sally, Rusty, and even Cinnamon gave Max a momentary hostile look. But when he asked, "Did I say something wrong?" they outdid each other trying to put him at ease. All except Rusty. She didn't owe him anything. ■

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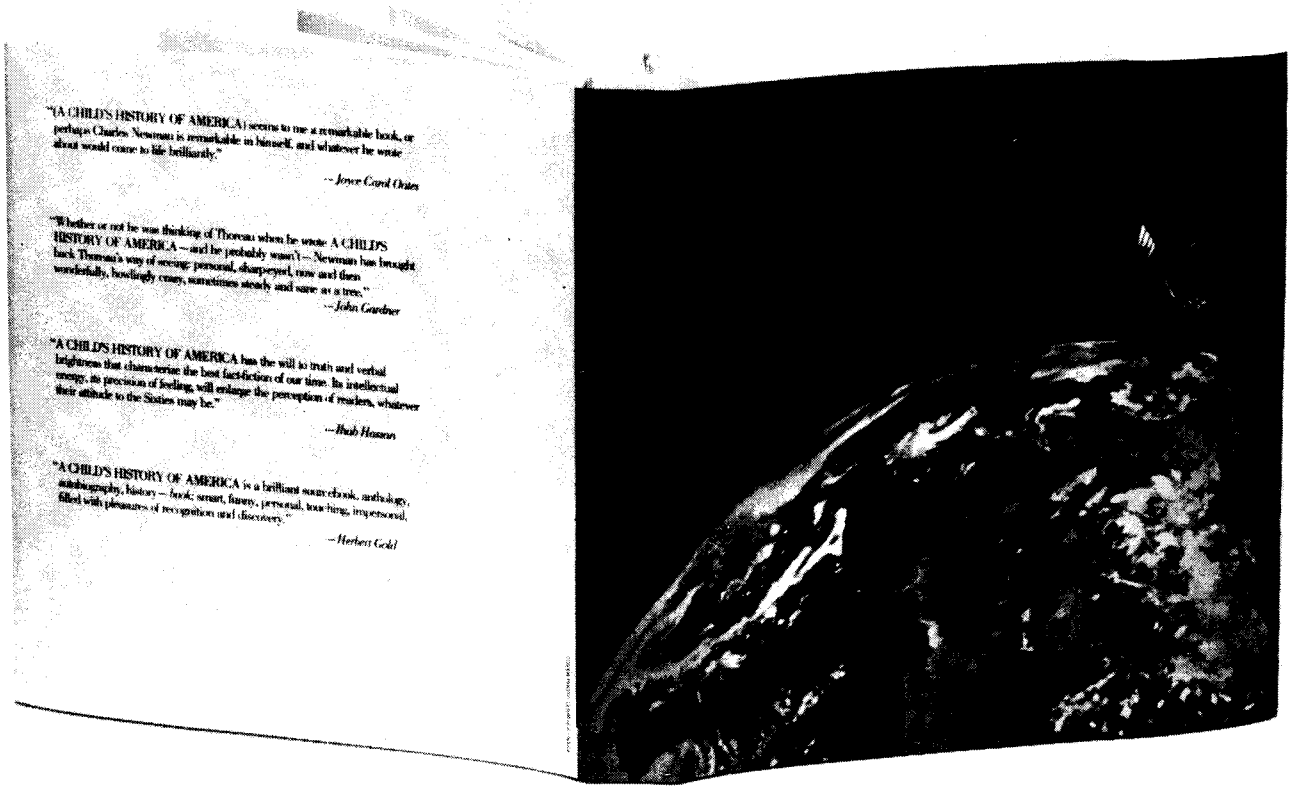
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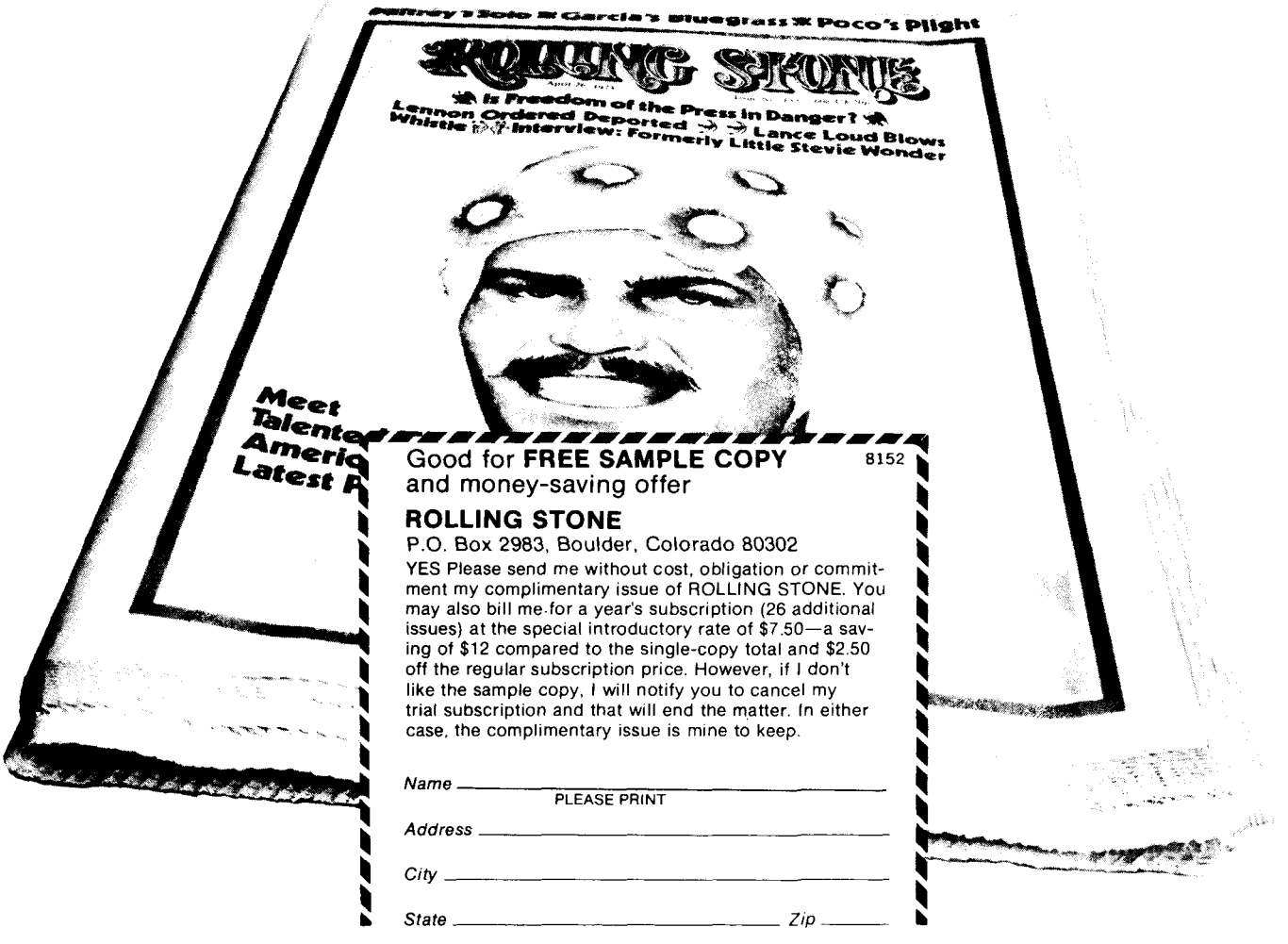

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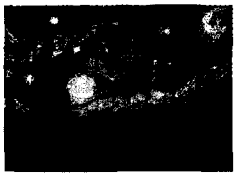

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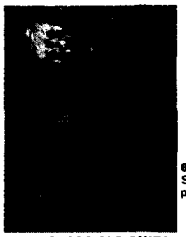

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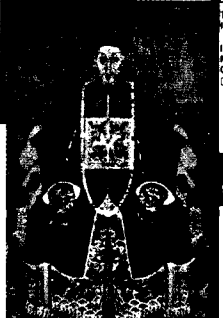

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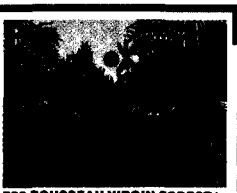

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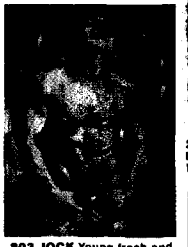

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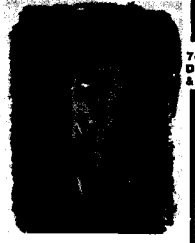

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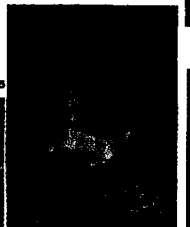

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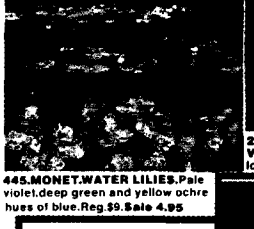

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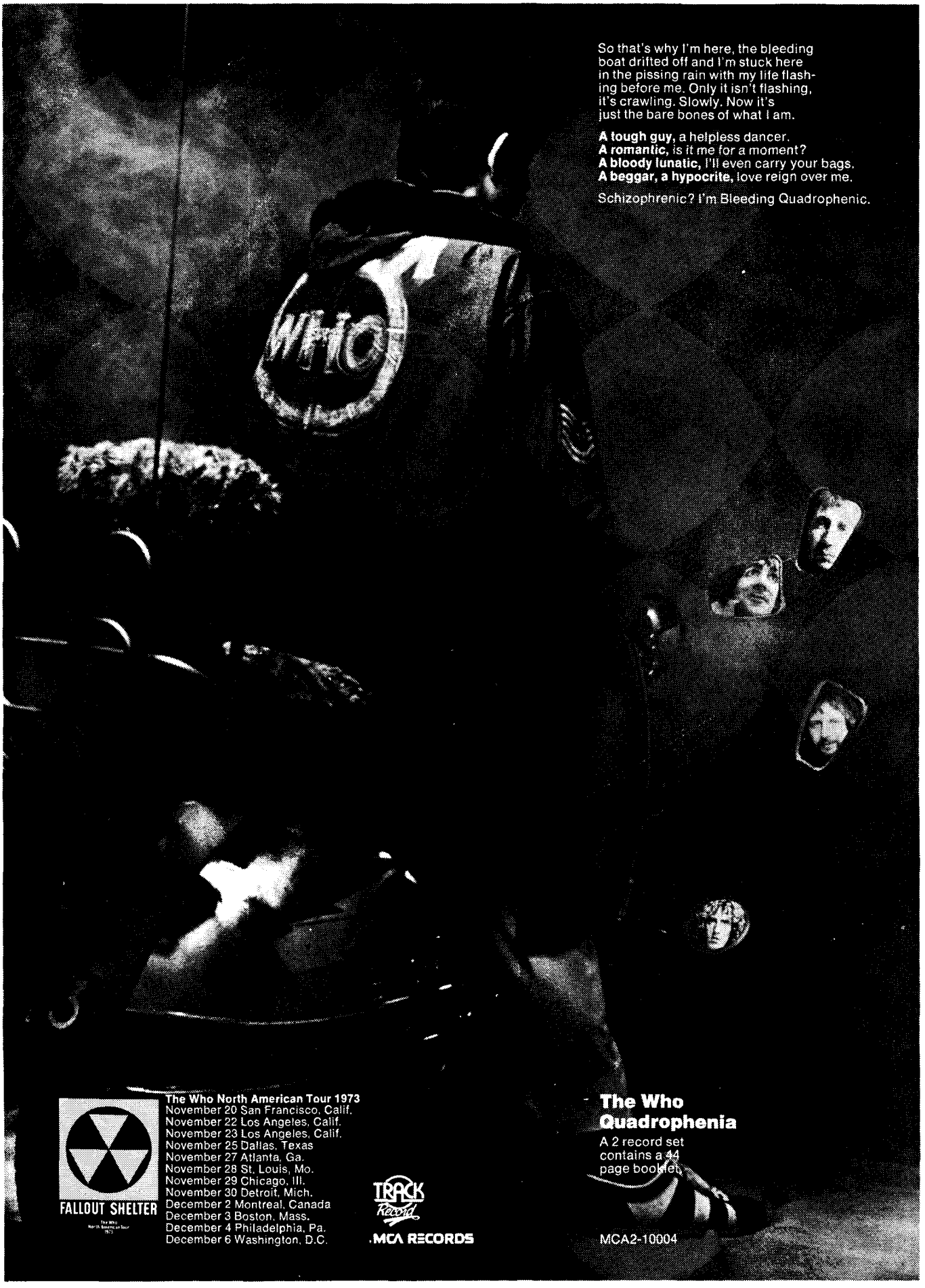
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